Sports Illustrated

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DERBY BY UNGERER means a series of electric paintings by the distinguished French satirist. With them, an analysis of an unusual field of 3-year-old contenders by Whitney Tower.

THE NO. 1 AMATEUR tennis player this year is a brilliant and erratic athlete and a restless, moody young man. Roger Williams describes the trials and torments of Whitney Reed.

THE TRIANGLE CRUISE is made by motorboat through the waterways of New York and southern Canada. Roy Ferrell and his family took the trip, and he reports on its delights.

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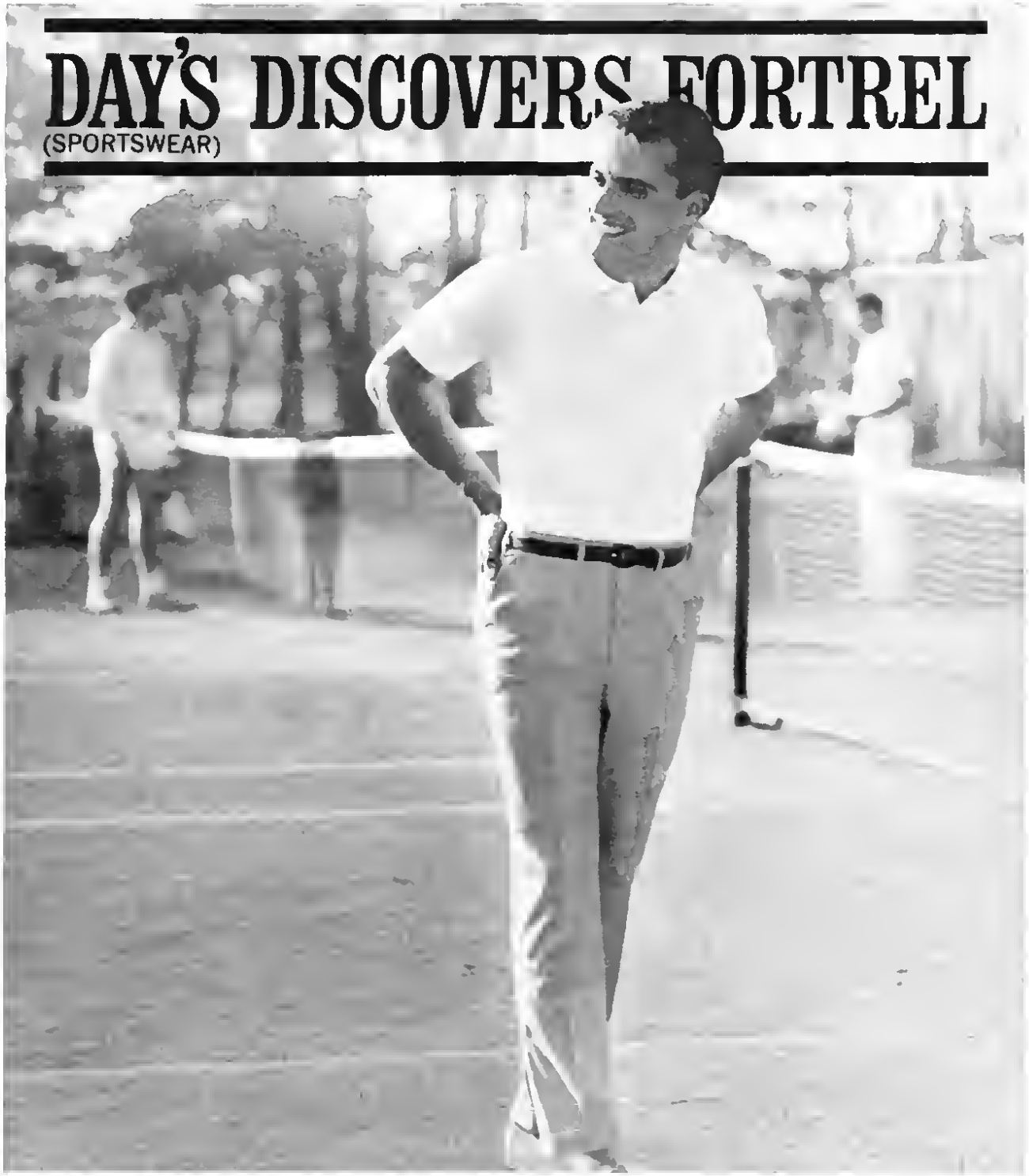

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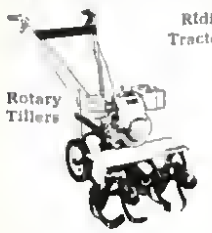

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POINT OF FACT

A Thoroughbred racing quiz to teet the ingenuity end add to the knowledge of the $2 bettor and the armchair expert

? *When did Thoraughbred racing begin in the U.S.?*

• The first horses were imported into the colonies about 1625, and it is assumed that soon after, the new owners began racing their purchases against one another to determine which was the best horse. No horses were kept specifically for racing, however, until after 1700. The first race track in the colonies was probably Newmarket at Hempstead, New York In 1665 Governor Richard Nicolls announced that races were to be held there each spring and fall "not so much for the divertissement of youth as for encouraging the bettering of the breed of horses, which through great neglect hath been impaired." The horses that participated in these first races were not blooded. In fact, the three stallions from which all Thoroughbreds descend—Byerly Turk, Darley Arabian and Godolphin Arabian—had not even been born at this time.

? *a) What is the origin of racing silks? b) Which awner has the oldest set of colors registered in the U.S.?*

• a) In 1762 17 men (six dukes, five earls, a marquis, a viscount, a recently made lord, a knight and two commoners) decided to register individual colors with the Jockey Club at Newmarket, England. They conceived the idea so that they could distinguish their horses more easily during the running of a race. b) Howell Jackson's colors are considered the oldest in the U.S. They are solid maroon and were first used by members of his family about 1825.

continued

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POINT OF FACT *continued*

? *Which is the oldest recognized racetrack still in operation in the U.S.?*

• Saratoga. Its first meeting, only four days long, was held in 1864. General Grant was still fighting the Civil War on opening day, but he attended the second meeting in 1865, less than four months after Appomattox. A gambler, politician and ex-heavyweight fighter, John Morrissey, was the guiding force behind the track, and among the directors at that time was Leonard Jerome, Winston Churchill's grandfather. Saratoga's first president was a New York sportsman, William R. Travers, in whose honor a stake was run at the first meeting.

? *There have been many match races in the U.S. since colonial days. Name some of the most famous.*

• In 1788, the year before his inauguration, George Washington ran his stallion, Magnolia, against a roan colt owned by Thomas Jefferson. The winner of the match, held in Alexandria, Va., was Jefferson's colt. In 1822 the owner of the champion of Virginia, Sir Charles, challenged the owner of the best horse in New York, American Eclipse. Sir Charles broke down in the race, and American Eclipse was an easy winner. The next year the South challenged again with a horse named Henry. Sixty thousand people watched the race, which was held on the Union Course on Long Island. Henry won the first four-mile heat, but American Eclipse won the second and third heats and collected the $20,000 purse. In 1845 Peytona beat Fashion in their first match, but Fashion reversed the decision two weeks later. In 1920 Man o' War beat a lame Sir Barton at Kenilworth Park in Windsor, Ontario. Three years later, in an international match at Belmont Park, the Kentucky Derby winner Zev defeated Papyrus, the Epsom Derby winner. Papyrus, who was smooth-shod, slipped and slid on the muddy track and was badly beaten. In 1938 the handicap champion, Seabiscuit, from California, defeated the East's War Admiral at Pimlico, and in 1942 Alsab won by a nose over Whirlaway at Narragansett. The last match that drew nationwide attention was in 1955, when Nashua, the best in the East, defeated Swaps, the pride of the West, at Washington Park in Illinois.

? *Which trainer has won the most races in his career?*

• Hirsch Jacobs, who saddled his first winner at Pompano, Fla. on Dec. 29, 1926, has won over 3,000 races—far more than any other trainer in history. Jacobs, now 58 years old, raced pigeons before turning to horses. He first won fame as the developer of Stymie, and more recently as the trainer of the 1960 2-year-old champion, Hail to Reason.

—PAT RYAN

SCORECARD

TV OR NOT TV?

Officials of the Class B Carolina League decided this spring that Sunday telecasts of major league games were hurting them at the gate. The TV deal between the major leagues and the networks stipulates that big league games cannot be telecast into minor league territory while a minor league game is taking place, unless permission is obtained from the local minor league club. Carolina League teams have granted such permission for the past three seasons. This year they said no—unless they got a fee. The TV people, not about to pay for something they had been getting for nothing and who were telecasting big league games on Saturday anyway (Carolina League teams play their Saturday games at night, so there is no conflict), decided to drop the Sunday games. Fine and good. Victory for the Carolina League. Except that local newspapers, television stations, social clubs and angry individual letter writers have been abusing the league's officials ever since. We want all the major league baseball on TV that we can get, they said—who cares about the Carolina League?

We can't blame the people of North Carolina for wanting to watch big league baseball, and we can't do much more than frown at the way television and baseball combined to exploit that human desire. But neither can we forget that another minor league is slowly strangling to death.

A KNOCKOUT

A British art magazine, *The Studio*, asked Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, Hugh Gaitskell, leader of the Labor party, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean," Comic Tony Hancock, and W. Somerset Maugham, author and art connoisseur, to suggest an artist or a painting for the magazine to use on its cover.

Dr. Johnson mentioned Michelangelo, El Greco and Van Gogh, but could not choose between them and misspelled their names. Somerset Maugham wrote: "I am too old and tired to do what you want me to do." Harold Macmillan declined because of "pressure of public business." Hugh Gaitskell said he could not "claim to be sufficiently clear in my mind on this subject." Tony Hancock voted for *The Leg*, a picture painted for his film, *The Rebel*.

The magazine reported that Floyd Patterson had sent in "the most informed reply." Patterson wrote: "While I am not an expert on painting, my favorite picture is the *Mona Lisa*. The rich color and depth of expression always leave me with a deep sense of satisfaction. To me it seems to breathe life."

Patterson won. *Mona Lisa* made the cover.

THEY SAID IT

• Dick Stuart, Pittsburgh first baseman: "People keep telling me my fielding has improved. They didn't say anything like that before I hit 35 home runs."

• Racing Driver Stirling Moss, who crashed this week in a race in England, commenting on an earlier crackup: "My main thought was, 'I wonder what death is going to be like.' I don't know whether I had actual fear—yes, I think I did. I think I was absolutely petrified, and I seem to remember just bracing myself for the impact and closing my eyes and sort of wondering, with this fear alongside me, exactly what was going to happen when I opened my eyes, if one does. And then—of course, I wasn't killed."

• Ralph Houk, New York Yankee manager: "Our players are in better shape when we leave Florida than they are two weeks after the season opens. The consistently bad weather we run into and the frequent open dates make it tough for the players to maintain top condition."

LEWIS & CLARK & DING

A new type of national park, a "recreational ribbon" that would run the 2,000-mile length of the trail followed by the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1803–06, has been proposed by friends of the late cartoonist Jay N. (Ding) Darling, who had conceived the idea in the last years of his life. Following the Missouri, Snake and Columbia rivers, the areas involved would reach out from the highway from 100 yards to half a mile, except in towns and cities. They would be used not only to commemorate the famous expedition but to preserve the natural wildlife and recreational advantages of the rivers Lewis and Clark traveled along. Secretary of the Interior Udall has said he is "genuinely excited" by the idea.

ALL EVEN, CHAPS

Some time ago (SI, December 11) a hungry but myopic English farmer took aim at what looked like a rabbit and shot what was in fact a fox—and right in front of the Albrighton Hunt. Naturally the Hunt roughed up the farmer and threw his shotgun in the brook, the fellow later apologized, of course.

A fortnight ago another English farmer, this one sharp-eyed rather than myopic, took aim at what looked like a fox and shot what bloody well *was* a fox—right in front of the Beaufort Hunt. Naturally the Hunt, led by the hunt master and the Duke of Beaufort, advanced angrily on the farmer.

It was a mistake. The farmer, Robertson by name, a cheeky devil who had

previously warned the Hunt to keep its yoicks and tallyhos off his property, advanced right back. The Hunt halted, rather abruptly. The hunt master spoke: "Now, let's keep our heads. I only want to preserve the peace." Farmer Robertson continued to advance, gun at the ready, and the hunt master broke ground and galloped off, shouting, "You'll swing for this."

The Duke of Beaufort, true to his lineage (motto: I scorn to change or fear), held fast. It was a hollow victory. The farmer took the horse's bridle and quietly led his unchanging, unfearing and un-

continued

protesting lordship off the property. Said the farmer later: "The Duke appeared to be far too concerned with keeping his seat to talk."

The box score:

Farmer Robertson—the field, the fox, the victory

Beaufort Hunt—zero.

Overall score to date in Hunt vs. Farm —one game apiece. We will report directly should a rubber match occur.

HISTORY REPEATS

In 1958 Trainer Tom Barry brought the Irish-bred Cavan to New York and won the Belmont Stakes. Two years later he won the Belmont again with the long shot Celtic Ash. Two years later—that's 1962, and that's this year—he's trying again, with the English-bred Vimy Ridge. Vimy Ridge has thus far followed exactly Barry's formula for training up to a classic race: a light campaign at 2, a long winter rest and a constant eye on the target. Target: the Belmont (Barry has entered the colt in the Preakness, too, though not the Kentucky Derby). Last week, in his first 1962 start, Vimy Ridge ran a mile at Laurel and won by 4½ lengths. Remember the colt's name: Vimy Ridge.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• The U S Golf Association is looking at Houston's Champions Course, owned by Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke, as the possible site of the 1965 U.S. Open.

• The PGA, whose annual championship lost a good deal of its glamor when it was changed from match to medal play in 1958, is toying with two ideas to recapture interest: 1) use match play for a "second" championship each year—the National PGA match-play championship, so to speak, or 2) use the PGA's new course in Florida, Palm Beach Gardens (scheduled for completion in December), for the championship, in its present form, to be held there every December as a regular winter spectacular.

• Sonny Jurgensen, the Philadelphia Eagles' record-breaking passer who suffered a crippling shoulder separation in the National Football League's Runner-up Bowl game at Miami in January, is still in bad shape. In mid-April he helped out at Florida State's spring practice in Tallahassee, but he threw underhanded and with difficulty. He suffers acute pain if he lifts his arm parallel to his shoulder, and he cannot yet flip the ball.

• Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics is on the verge of retiring and so, too, apparently, is Bill Russell. The 6-foot 9-inch center says he'll play only two more seasons before quitting the pressures of big-time basketball. Russell, who made a tour of Africa for the State Department, has invested money in Liberia (a rubber plantation, among other things) and with his family will probably move there to live.

DOUBLE STANDARD

Ford C. Frick, the Commissioner of Baseball, has jumped Manager Casey Stengel of the New York Mets because Stengel posed for a Rheingold beer ad in baseball uniform. One of the finer bits of baseball hypocrisy is the rule that says players, coaches and managers cannot pose in uniform for beer and tobacco ads. They can appear in the ads, but they can't be in uniform. However, beer and tobacco companies are acceptable as sponsors for radio and television broadcasts of baseball games. Their money is good, even if it is tainted.

LOT OF NOTHING

The weather was good on Easter Sunday —it was absolutely magnificent in some places—but baseball attendance wasn't. In New York the Yankees and Indians played a doubleheader before 31,971, which means Yankee Stadium was more than half empty on the most beautiful day of the spring. Elsewhere not one major league crowd reached 15,000. In Houston the bright new Colts drew 13,130. In Pittsburgh the streaking Pirates drew 13,780. Only 8,539 turned out in Los Angeles, 8,011 in Boston (in 80° weather), 6,583 in Cincinnati (to see the Reds play the Giants). Worst crowd of all was in Milwaukee, where 37,000 empty seats and 6,571 fans watched the Braves play the Dodgers. Maybe everybody was out rolling eggs.

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, JACK

Carry Back, the badly bred horse who won the 1961 Kentucky Derby but whose dismal showing this year had the blue-bloods nodding "I told you so," won his first race of 1962 last Friday at New York's Aqueduct track. He won by five triumphant lengths, giving weight and breeding to just about every horse in the field of eight. There were offspring of Swaps and Nasrullah and My Babu in the race, but the gritty little son of Saggy rolled right over them.

The victory put a final touch of pleasure on a most satisfactory week for Carry Back's owner, Jack Price. It is hardly a secret that Price is not a prime favorite with the In people of American racing, since Jack is not of the purple and once worked as a bookmaker. Jack didn't make himself any more endearing last week. Racing secretaries throughout the country cast ballots in their first monthly poll to determine the best horses currently active in the various racing divisions. Christopher T. Chenery had two horses named, George D. Widener one, Russell A. Firestone one, Mrs. Magruder Dent one. Old Jack Price, he had three.

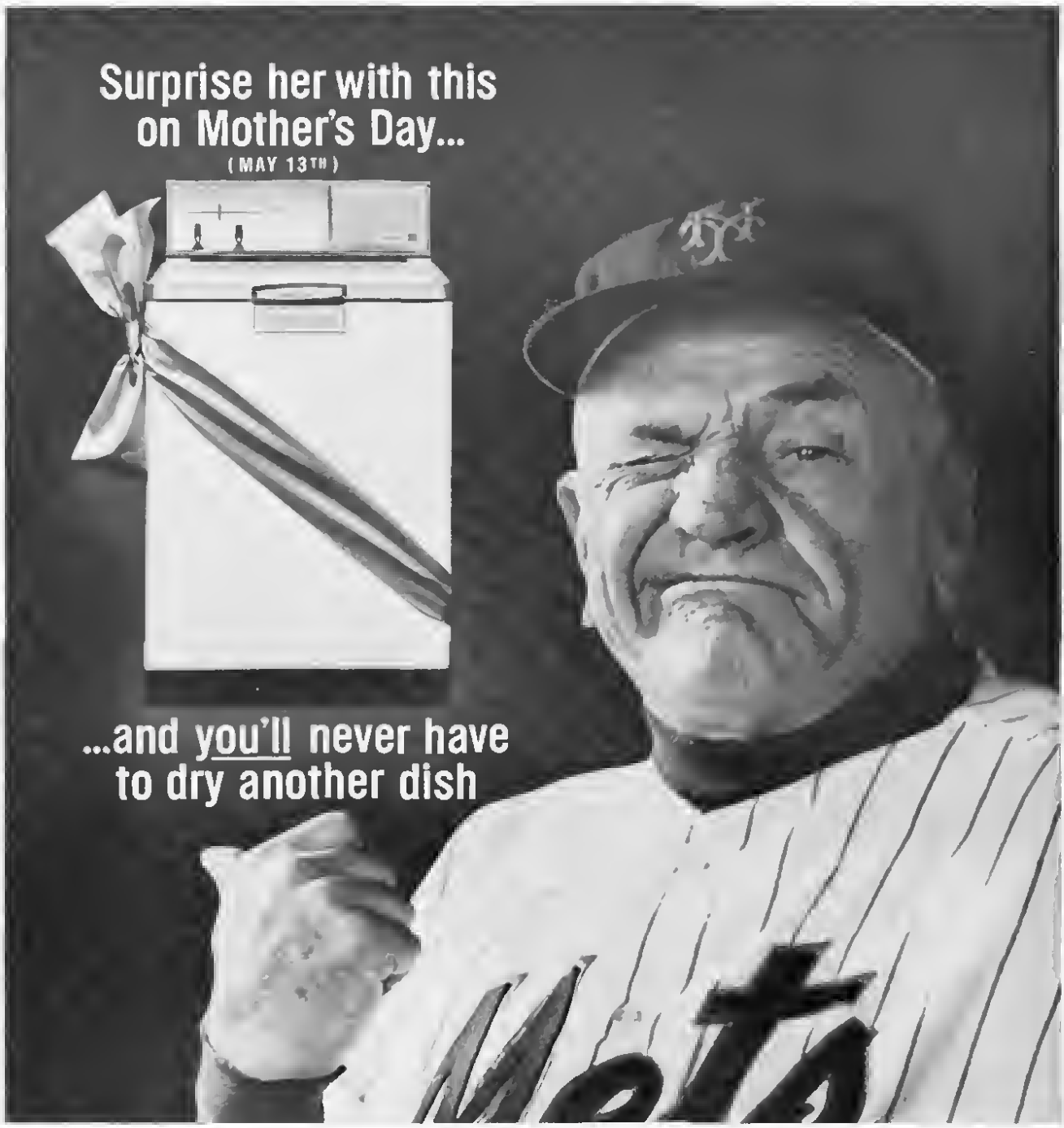
"May the sun shine bright. . . ."

END OF A RUNNER

Herb Elliott has retired. The projected mile race between him and New Zealand's Peter Snell, who broke Elliott's mile record a few months ago, was expected to be as great an event as the Bannister-Landy mile at Vancouver. Now it will never take place.

"Occasionally, I get a spark of enthusiasm when I think about Snell," said Elliott last week in Cambridge, England. "I recall the feeling of invincibility I had when I was at the peak of my form in 1958 and the temptation is there. I think if I train maybe I could beat him. At the moment I could run a mile in 4:18. In two weeks I could be down to 4:08, in two months to 3:58, in three months, if I was lucky, to 3:54. That's tremendously concentrated training and whenever I have tried it I have been foiled by an injury or a cold. It's just not feasible, and the worst would be still to come. To stand a chance I'd have to get down to 3:50. There isn't time. I might have retired anyway because I feel, why go through all the agony only to do what I've done before? But my main reason for giving up is lack of time. Training three hours a day would mean studying to midnight each evening. This old university means more to me than just studying and training. It hasn't mellowed me, but it's helped me to realize there are other fields to conquer."

At Cambridge, Elliott belongs to various university societies, has learned to fly, competes for fun with the university track-and-field team and enjoys life. Down the road from his house is a pub, the Six Bells. Last week its landlord said, "Elliott used to come in here, have only one drink and be miserable. Now he comes in and feels free to have one more and is happy." END



If you've ever had to help with the dishes (and what man hasn't) here's a way to get Mom out of the kitchen and do yourself a good turn in the bargain. Get her a Westinghouse Roll About Dishwasher.

Of all the home dishwashers made today, *only* Westinghouse hikes the wash and final rinse water to a germ-killing 145-degree temperature. It eliminates hand-rinsing . . . washes twice . . . rinses three times . . . dries at 190 degrees. That's *clean.*

On the Q.T., see your Westinghouse Dealer now and arrange for a surprise delivery on Mother's Day. He has 5 models for you to choose from.

You can be sure . . . if it's
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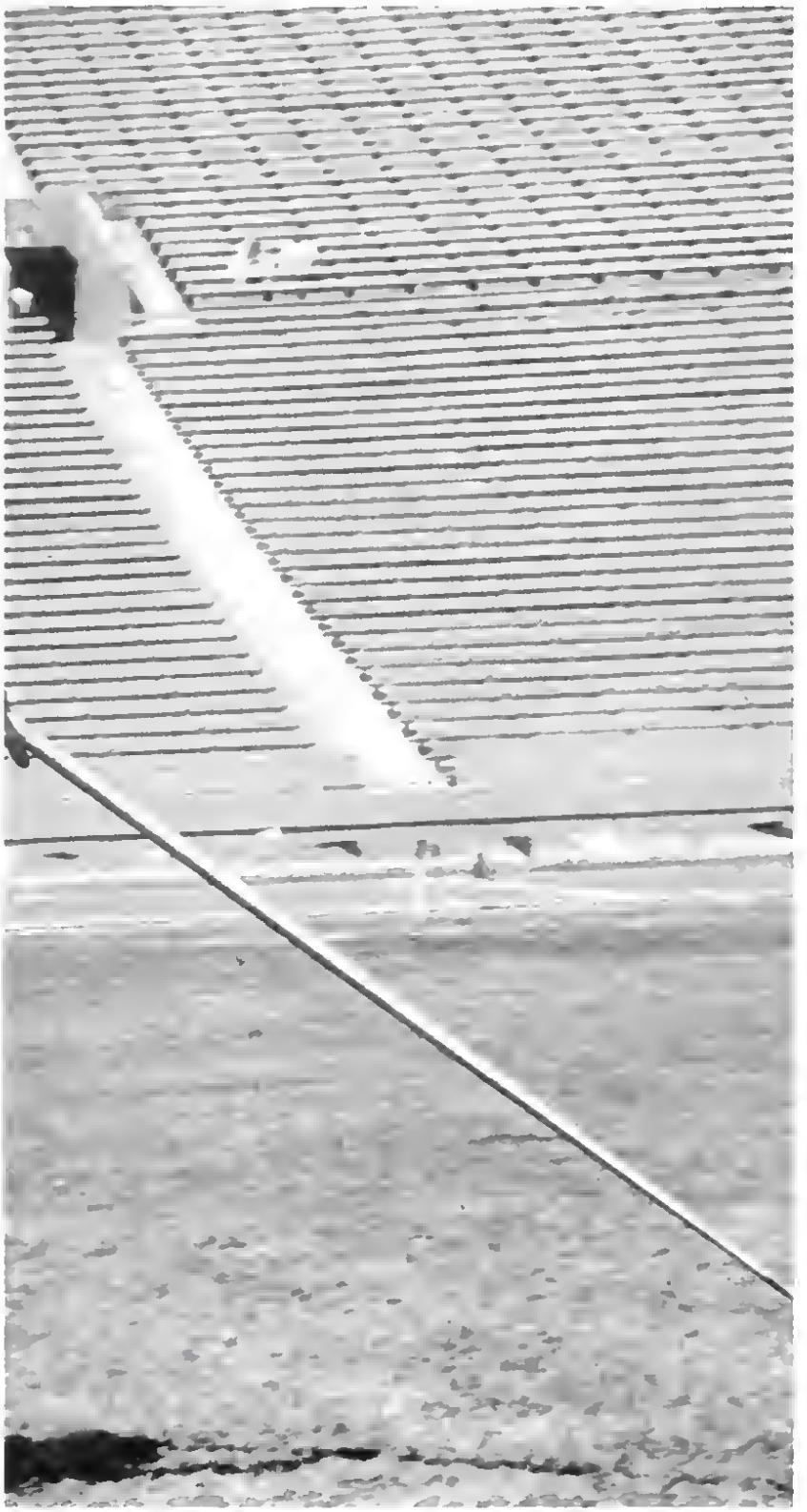
Sports Illustrated
APRIL 30, 1962

A LONG THROW

Photo[illegible] Phil Bath

SNAPS A LONG STRING



The surprise success of a javelin thrower pointed the way as Oregon defeated USC in a meet of giants

by ROY TERRELL

The backbone of the college track and field season is the dual meet, but like most backbones it seldom shows. A contest between two teams, sometimes poorly balanced and ill-matched, the dual meet often has been an ungainly creature of the early spring, serving primarily as a test and a trial in preparation for the relay carnivals and the conference and national championships that highlight the weeks ahead. But last Saturday, on the new crushed brick and clay track at the Los Angeles Coliseum, laid down since the Dodgers departed for Chavez Ravine, there took place a dual track meet that was an olympiad of its kind. Never before had two such track giants met each other face to face, and all alone. One was the University of Southern California, creator of the most remarkable dynasty the sport has known. The other was a powerful new challenger from the north, the University of Oregon. Before the day was over, there was enough drama and enough records for everyone.

At stake was a spectacular winning streak. USC has won 21 national collegiate track and field championships since 1926, annually producing half a dozen of the finest track athletes in the world. These men have figured in 49

continued

DECISIVE MOMENT finds Oregon sophomore Les Tipton set for winning 238-foot throw as mere smattering of 13,200 spectators watch in huge Los Angeles Coliseum.

world records through the years, and have won 13 Olympic gold medals. But beneath this frosting of superathletes, Southern Cal always has had something more: a ton of very good athletes. And it is these who have produced the balanced brilliance necessary to achieve a record even more astounding, in its way, than the one above. In the 13 years leading up to last Saturday, USC had won 78 consecutive dual meets. Beyond that point—a 1949 tie with Michigan State—there stretched another four years with no losses, a string of 104 dual meet victories without defeat. In fact, the last time that Southern Cal lost a peacetime dual meet was in 1933. This was the record that Oregon assaulted on Saturday.

Strangely enough, Oregon was favored. In the damp, cool climate at Eugene, 900 miles from the steaming cradle of track heroes that is southern California, a tall, red-faced coaching genius named Bill Bowerman had been at work constructing a dynasty of his own. Last year, led by the most notable collection of distance runners ever assembled on one college team, the Ducks finished second to USC in the national collegiate championships. Now they felt they were ready to take over. "If we lose this meet," said Bowerman when the team arrived in Los Angeles on Friday night, "it will be because we lose, not because USC beats us. If we perform up to our ability, we're better than they are."

"On paper," said Southern Cal's Jess Hill, "it looks like Oregon should win. But track meets like this one aren't decided on paper. There's a tradition here and I don't think any of these boys want to be on the USC team that finally gets beat. I believe we'll win."

Since it is rather difficult for two teams to win a dual track meet, there were those who sided with Bill Bowerman and those who agreed with Jess Hill. For weeks across southern California track fans had been adding up the figures: five points for first place, three points for second, one point for third, down through the 15 events on the program, except for the mile relay, where only the winning team receives five points. The total for a meet of this kind is 131 points, and the magic number of 66 appeared first on one side and then on the other. "The thing I like about a dual meet," said one man playing this numbers game, "is that this is the only time in track and field where the team is more important than the individual." He didn't realize that what he was adding up was the performance of individuals.

His little sister could have figured out some of the winners. Oregon, for example, had Dyrol Burleson, Harry Jerome and Jerry Tarr. Burleson, the slender American mile record holder (3:57.4), had been virtually forgotten during the winter indoor season while his old foe, Jim Beatty, and New Zealand's Peter Snell dominated the distance-running reports. But in recent weeks, Burleson had begun to stretch out. He had set a national collegiate record of 8:42.5 at two miles, and had run both the mile and 880 faster than anyone else around.

The 100 was surely the property of Jerome, a Canadian Olympian with several 9.3s to his credit, who was expected to hold off the threat of USC's Bruce Munn in the 220 as well. Tarr, the rugged Duck football end with the driving hurdle style, was not only defending NCAA champion in the 120 highs, but had already run faster this year (13.7) than last. Tarr figured on some competition from USC's Bob Pierce in this event, but his main worry was the 220-yard lows, for there he ran into Rex Cawley. Oregon counted on other winners, too, although perhaps none so spectacular as these. Jerry Close would take the broad jump, partly because he was consistently near 24 feet, partly because this was Southern Cal's weakest event. Archie San Romani Jr., Vic Reeve, Keith Forman and Sig Ohlemann were all sure to score in the longer events. Bowerman had left boys at home who would be distance stars at most schools, including USC.

OREGON MILERS SAN ROMANI, BURLESON AND STEINKE WIN EASILY, WHILE SAVING

But the Trojans had sure winners, too, and Dallas Long, Jan Sikorsky and Cawley seemed the best. Long, a blond mammoth who put the shot far enough two years ago to win a bronze medal at Rome, was there for little more than a workout. So, it seemed, was Sikorsky, the red-haired ex-Marine who had thrown the javelin over 250 feet. As for Cawley, until injuries stopped this outsize young man in midseason last year, he seemed capable of winning a dual meet all by himself. At the time of his injury he was the best quarter miler, the best 400-meter hurdler and the best 220-

yard hurdler in America, if not the world. Now he seemed healthy again and the only question was whether his training had progressed far enough to allow him to beat Tarr in the low hurdles. Everyone gave Cawley the 440. They also gave Mel Hein Jr. the pole vault, and Southern Cal that five-point mile relay.

It all added up to a whale of a meet. The third places, said the experts, would decide it. As it turned out, however,

THEIR STRENGTH FOR LATER RACES

all the third places lumped together wouldn't have made much difference. Bowerman's invaders won nine of the 15 events and tied for another. They swept the three distance races completely. They broke seven of the nine meet records that fell during the afternoon, and two Coliseum records to boot. They furnished the only double winners—three of them. And, most important of all, they scored 19 more points than USC, winning 75 to 56. The famous streak had come to an end.

Actually the meet began to turn on the second event. In the first, the shotput, Long won as expected, pushing the big steel ball out 62 feet 3 inches, a casual toss for him, and when teammate Jim Wade finished third behind Oregon's Dave Steen, the Trojans led six points to three. But as the javelin throw progressed at the northeast corner of the field the trouble began for Southern Cal. It came in the person of a 6-foot 4-inch, 215-pound Oregon sophomore from Rainier named Les Tipton, who was not even supposed to be the best on the Webfoot squad.

He had come to Oregon, in fact, as a high hurdler, not a javelin man. Sikorsky, as expected, was leading the event comfortably at more than 230 feet, Tipton attempted a throw, felt a pain in his elbow, stopped—and the javelin went about 10 yards. "Nice going, you spastic," shouted a gallant USC fan. Enraged, Tipton galloped down the approach lane, drew back his arm and sent the javelin soaring in the direction of that well-remembered place where Walter O'Malley's left-field screen once stood along the stadium wall. When Tipton's javelin came down, it stuck, quivering, at more than 238 feet. Tipton had never thrown 220 feet in a meet before and his javelin seemed to have pierced Sikorsky's will. The last throws of the Southern Cal star were worse instead of better, and Oregon picked up first and third to tie the meet after two events.

Burleson, San Romani and little Clayton Steinke finished one-two-three in the mile, inches apart, in a crawling 4:14.2. Easter egg hunts have been clocked in faster time. "Why hurry?" said Burleson, who wasn't even huffing. "We've got a lot of races to run this afternoon and we shut out USC, didn't we?" He thus pointed out the first rule of a dual meet. Beat the opponent and forget the clock.

The Trojans then turned around and shut out Oregon in the 440, where Cawley ran down the stretch waving to his teammates, Kevin Hogan and Ted Doll, to hurry up and come on. His time was 47.7, which wasn't so bad for a man looking backward most of the way, and now the score was tied after four events, 18-18. Well, everyone said, this is going to be some meet, after all.

It was then that Oregon began to move. Close jumped 25 feet 1 inch in the broad jump, and Oregon Halfback Mel Renfro finished second. Jerome came out of the blocks in the 100 like a rabbit caught in a brush fire and ran away from USC's Munn, crossing the line against a six-mile-an-hour wind in 9.6.

Now, in the high hurdles, the ax really fell on USC. Tarr blistered down the straight, where the wind had died to a little less than three miles an hour, in 13.9—and USC's Pierce was not even close. In fact, Pierce—aggravating an ankle injury suffered in practice the week before—didn't get over the third hurdle. Suddenly Oregon led the meet by 11 points.

Oregon finished second and third behind USC's Jim Wade in the discus; the Trojans' George Fleckenstein tied for first in the high jump with Oregon's Terry Llewellyn at 6 feet 7¾ inches; Oregon's Burleson, San Romani and Ohlemann ran one, two, three in the 880, at 1:49.5—and now Oregon led by 18 points. When Jerome not only won the 220 but set a new Coliseum record of 20.8 for the distance around a curve, the Ducks had 60 points and needed only six more to wrap up the meet. It had suddenly turned into a rout.

"There's only one way we can win now," said a USC fan. "We've got to shoot Tarr and Oregon's two-milers. Then if we could sweep the pole vault and win the mile relay, we would be in."

Southern Cal won first and second in the pole vault and took the mile relay easily, but nobody shot Tarr and his friends. Tarr outran Cawley by a yard in the day's best race, a sizzling 220-yard low-hurdle effort around a curve in 23 seconds flat, which also set a Coliseum record. And mercilessly the Oregon distance runners swept their event. This time Bowerman had decided to give Burleson the rest of the day off and let Reeve, Forman and Mike Lehner handle the chores. They did, crossing the finish line in the two-mile some 30 yards ahead of USC's little Juho Marin.

Jess Hill accepted his defeat with grace and promised that Pierce and Cawley and Sikorsky and the rest of the Trojans might be a little tougher by the time of the national collegiate championships. Bowerman could make no such promise for Oregon. "They were all great today," he said, "every one of them. Right now I'm not going to worry about the NCAA."

As Bowerman walked off the field, USC's Kevin Hogan came up to offer congratulations. "Thank you," said Bowerman, "but couldn't you figure out some way to transfer to Oregon? As you can see, we're really hurting for quarter milers."

Hogan grinned. "It doesn't look to me," he said, "like you guys are hurting for much of anything." **END**

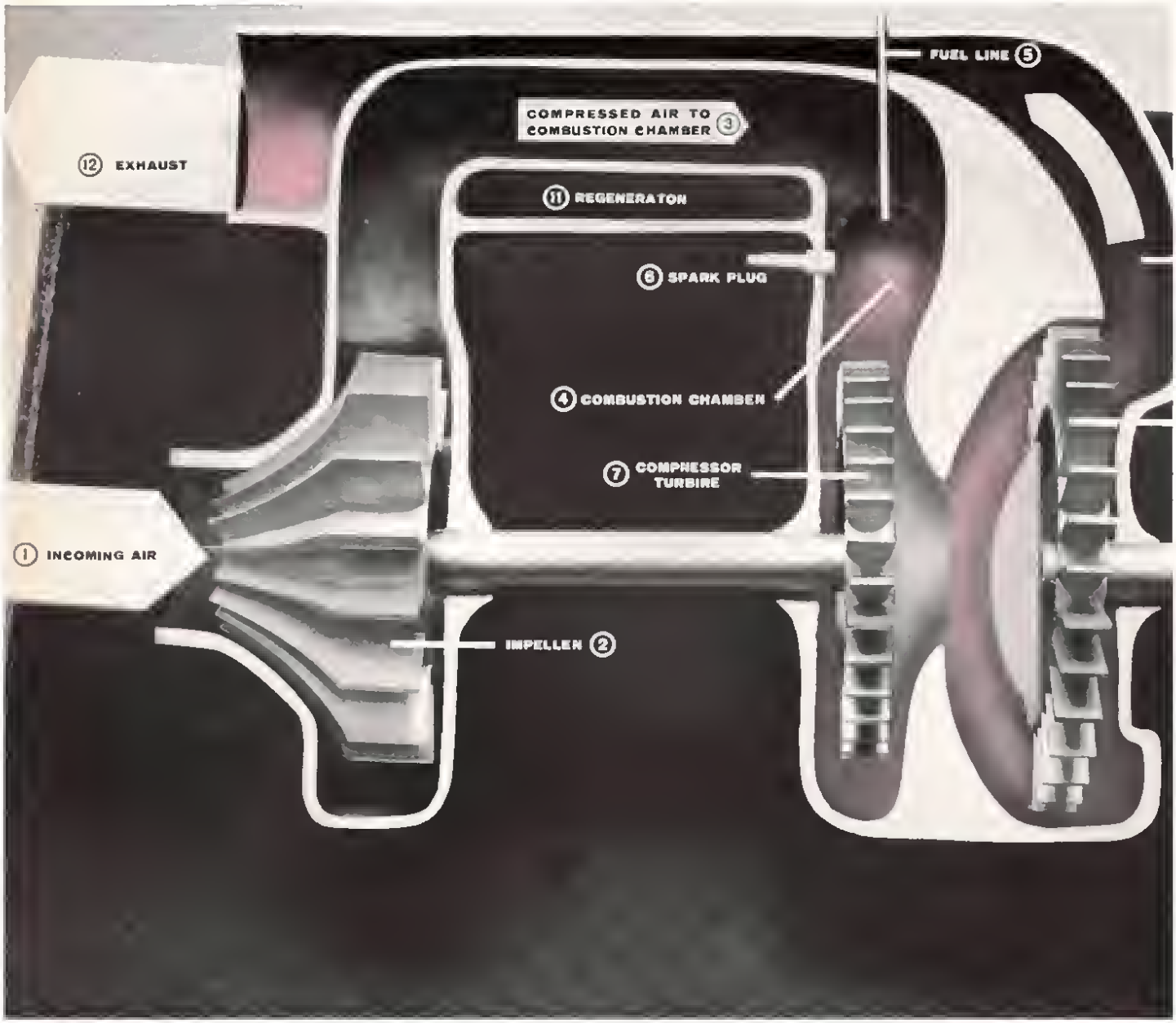
A REAL CYCLONE OF AN ENGINE

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Amid the gloss and glitter of that tire-kicker's paradise, New York's International Automobile Show, the two cars might easily be overlooked. Garbed in reticent British green, the Rover T.4 sedan occupies a modest niche on the second of three exhibition floors in the vast Coliseum. The light blue Dodge Turbo Dart hardtop stands like a pretty wallflower on the third level, at the fringe of the crowds ogling her shiny Detroit sisters.

There are other things that are new in the show: the Raymond Loewy-designed Studebaker Avanti (which went on display this week) of Gran Turismo styling and with the American industry's first disc brakes in a decade on the front wheels; the Cobra, a touring-racing roadster, Ford V-8 engined and British AC-bodied, devised by Racing Driver Carroll Shelby to compete with Corvettes and Ferrari GTs; the plush Jaguar Mark X sedan from England; a Swedish Volvo station wagon; a Pontiac with some of speed merchant Mickey Thompson's hot rod artistry beneath the hood; and Detroit models utilizing turbo-supercharging, a method of recovering energy from exhaust gases.

But of all the 450 motor cars gathered from the U.S. and nine foreign countries for the largest of American auto shows—and this year one of the world's



Gas-turbine sedans in the New York Auto Show and a new racer for the Indianapolis '500' threaten the old faithful piston cars

finest—none are more intriguing, in one respect, than the Rover and the Dodge. In a show dedicated, above all, to the good old reciprocating piston engine, the gadget that put the world on motorized wheels, these quiet intruders are forerunners of eventual revolutionary change.

Their hoods conceal not piston engines but gas turbines, offering the kind of motive power that, within a young man's lifetime, has made most piston-engined aircraft obsolete. But the Rover and the Dodge are not experimental playthings. They are perfectly roadable passenger cars that can approach the performance and manners of our orthodox machines.

Furthermore, as the New York show opened last week, by a significant coincidence the world's first serious gas-turbine racing car was being completed in a Tulsa, Okla. workshop 1,300 miles away. It is entered in the foremost American race, the $400,000 Memorial Day Indianapolis "500," and if it comes anywhere near justifying Builder Jack Zink's faith in it, it will stand the Brickyard on its ear.

Zink is a compact, restless Tulsa man who builds industrial burners to make money and makes parachute drops for fun. He is tired of campaigning the same old Offenhauser roadsters at Indianapolis.

Last year he wanted to take a turbine car to Indy. There wasn't time to get it ready. This week the car is complete and set for testing. Site of the tests: a new ⅝-mile oval track built for the purpose on Zink's J-Bar-Z ranch northwest of

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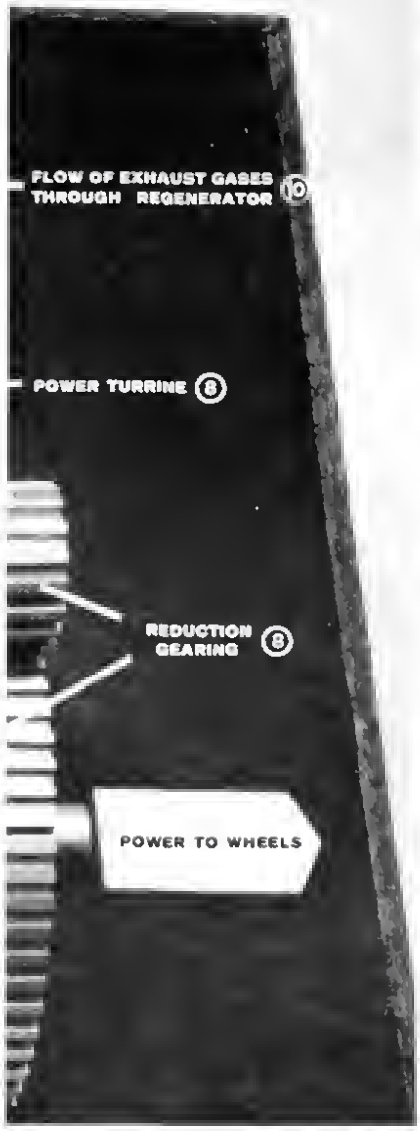
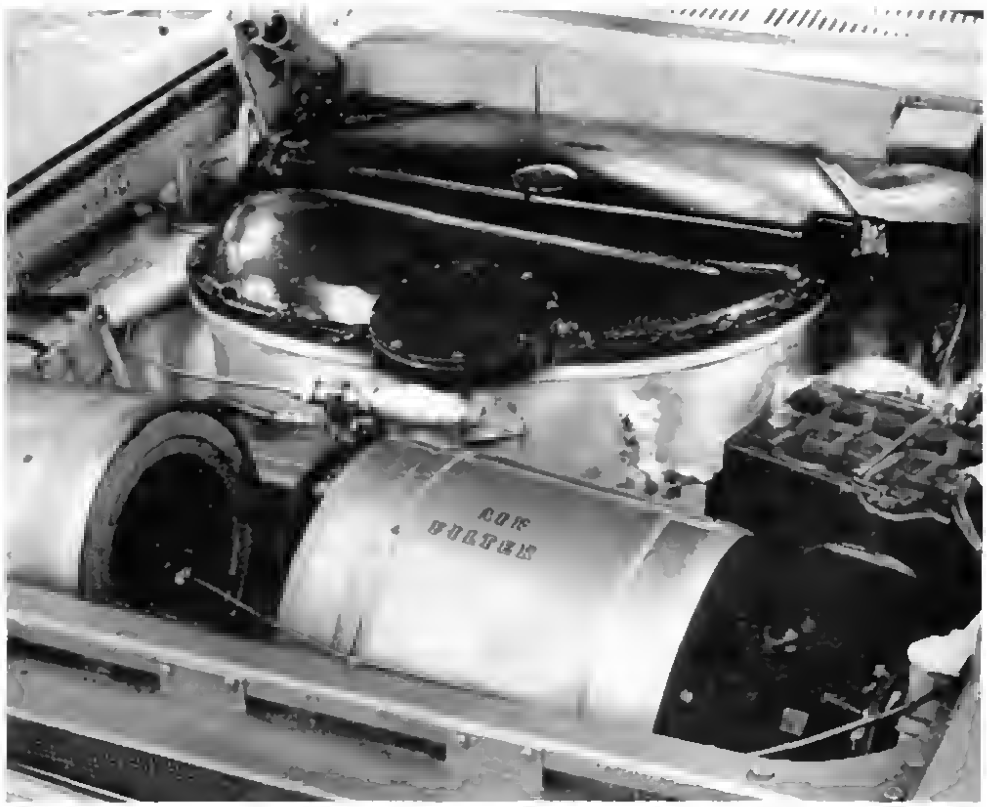




THEORY AND PRACTICE of an automobile gas turbine are shown in this schematic photographic cutaway (*left*) and the front-mounted engine compartment of the Dodge Turbo Dart (*above*). The source of power is air, compressed, mixed with fuel, ignited and burning in a continuous explosion. Air (1) is drawn in (*diagram, left*) by the fan-shaped "impeller," (2) which compresses it and forces it (3) to combustion chamber (4). Fuel is injected (5) and spark plug (6) ignites it. Then suddenly expanding, scorching hot (1,700° F.) gases strike the blades of a compressor turbine (7), then those of a power turbine (8). The compressor turbine whirls the impeller in a continuous cycle of compression-ignition-burning; the power turbine transmits power through reduction gears (9) and transmission to the driving wheels. The exhaust gases, finally, flow back (10) through the so-called regenerator (11), to preheat incoming air, while at the same time cooling off to a safe temperature (12).

town. The driver: California's Dan Gurney, a Grand Prix star (SI, Feb. 9) who has never raced in the "500."

Zink's turbine is a 375-hp Boeing model of a type supplied to the Navy to power pilotless, radio-directed, torpedo-carrying helicopters. Light but hulky, it is rear-mounted in a new space-frame chassis (*below*) built by Zink's chief mechanic, Dennie Moore. Suspension is independent for all wheels. Thus the car defies Indy convention not only in motive power but also in the engine's rear position and the matter of suspension.

Light and potent

At 1,100 pounds, the John Zink Trackburner, as it has been named, weighs 500 precious power-saving pounds less than the lightest Offie roadster. Zink figures to lose only 5 hp while slowing for Indy's 135-mph turns, the typical Offie drops from 400 to 340 hp.

No dreamer, Zink is in fact the tough-minded realist who, as an Indy boy wonder, saw his Offenhausers win the big race in 1955 and 1956. Now 33, he is as alert as any man to the "500's" special demands. "If this car performs as we hope it will," he said last week, "it should stay with the Offies on the straights and outdrag them from the corners." In brief, Zink believes the car can win.

Win or lose at Indy, does the gas turbine have a serious potential for nonsporting motorists? Will it, as some of its advocates believe, change the motoring habits of the world? It very well may. The engine is, first of all, dramatically simple. Let the Turbo Dart, which this winter rolled 3,154 miles from coast to coast in five days at an average speed of 55.5 mph, exemplify it. The Turbo Dart can run on just about anything that burns—gasoline, kerosene, diesel fuel. It has 200 fewer parts than a conventional engine of similar power. "It's full of nothing," says a Chrysler engineer, "and that's the way we wanted it."

Well, almost nothing. The principle of the gas-turbine engine is that of the windmill and the waterwheel (*see previous page*). "In our windmill," says George J. Huebner Jr., the graying 51-year-old director of Chrysler research and chief American champion of turbine passenger cars, "we make our own wind. The burner is our sun and the compressor is our atmosphere." The wind, as someone else described it, is "a cyclone in a box," and it drives the turbines—or windmill blades—of the gas-turbine engine with something like cyclonic power.

Neither sportsman builders nor commercial automakers can take much credit for the development of the turbine. Both prefer the tried and true and with the gas-turbine engine they had a chance to let somebody else do the trying. First developed in World War II from the pure jet engine, the gas turbine found immediate application in military and then passenger airplanes. As turbine-powered aircraft climbed higher and higher in the postwar skies, supplanting the piston engine in one great arena, every major manufacturer began to develop, or at least study, turbine engines for actual everyday road use.

Rover of England was first on the road with a prototype car. Famous for the rough-country Land Rover and the luxurious, conservative passenger car that has been called the poor man's Rolls-Royce, Rover had done aircraft turbine development work during World War II on an engine designed by the gas-turbine inventor himself, Britain's Sir Frank Whittle. Rover engineers knew, therefore, that the turbine engine promised a very high output for a relatively low engine weight. The vibration inescapable in reciprocating engines because of the up-and-down thumpety-thump-thump of the pistons would be eliminated by the turbine engine's smooth rotary motion. No bulky water-cooling system would be necessary. The exhaust would contain no toxic residues to aggravate air pollution.

But the Rover men also knew that turbine engines gulped vast quantities of fuel—however cheap that fuel might be. Special, costly heat-resistant metals would have to be used wherever the jet gases touched with their 1,700° blast. During deceleration, the engine would be free-wheeling, lacking the "engine braking" that is a welcome characteristic of piston engines, and thus throwing a heavier burden on wheel brakes. There would be an acceleration lag—a delay after stepping on the accelerator, until the engine revved up sufficiently to start from a dead stop or to resume speed after braking.

Nevertheless, in 1950 Rover sprung upon a doubting world the pioneer Rover Jet 1. It was a quaint, bulgy, sawed-off roadster, but it caused a momentary sensation by screaming along Belgium's Jabbeke Highway, a favorite continental trial strip, at the astounding speed of 151 mph.

Rover's T.4 is the company's fourth turbine prototype. As newsmen who tried it out at New York's Idlewild airport the other day discovered, during presbow demonstrations, it comes close to being a completely acceptable road car as it stands right now.

JACK ZINK'S TRACKBURNER, here photographed for the first time with Builder-Mechanic Dennie Moore at the wheel, carries its 375-hp Boeing gas-turbine engine behind the driver. As modified for Indy, this engine differs from the Rover and Chrysler engines in several important ways. With no need to economize on fuel or cool off exhaust gases, it can do without a regenerator, blasting unmuffled exhaust out through the large opening above the engine. To eliminate lag in vital acceleration, its compressor turbine operates continuously at maximum revolutions; between it and the power turbine is a "wastegate" arrangement which, when open, releases the hot gases before they hit the power turbine. When the gate is closed, there is an immediate blast of maximum power on the power turbine, with a resultant instantaneous acceleration response. There is no conventional transmission, the power goes directly through reduction gears to the rear wheels.

The 140-hp engine is front-mounted, with the drive taken to the front wheels. While starting and idling, the T.4 emits a thin, whistling noise. At about 30 mph the noise ceases and the car is impressively silent. Even with only one forward speed, as now equipped, 0-to-60-mph acceleration is accomplished in a not-bad 12 seconds, and top speed is 115 mph. With a two-speed automatic transmission (this is in the works) the 0–60 time will be cut to a snappy 8 seconds. The T.4's disc brakes provide plenty of stopping power, despite the absence of compression braking, and the car corners with surefooted ease. There is still an acceleration lag of perhaps one second, but revving the engine against the brakes before takeoff produces jack-rabbit starts. Consumption of kerosene is 14 to 16 miles per gallon.

Trouble-free trip

As for the Turbo Dart, its road qualities were well-demonstrated on that nearly trouble-free cross-country trip. Diesel oil was the basic fuel, and the best day's fuel consumption was 16.6 miles per gallon—a better figure than that achieved by the gasoline-burning escort cars. Chrysler says it has developed a secret, low-cost alloy for heat-critical parts, thus solving the serious problem of high cost in that area. It also has built into its engine a device providing the equivalent of the piston engine's compression braking, thus overcoming the problem of freewheeling.

The big question in all this, of course, is when will turbine cars go into anything like mass production?

Chrysler, which has a staff of more than 100 engineers and "support group" people doing nothing but turbine research, at a cost of $125 million a year, is evidently closest to taking the plunge (the other giants of the industry, General Motors and Ford, are keeping abreast of turbine developments but little more). Next year the firm will sell 50 75 pilot cars to selected customers. The anticipated sale price is $4,000 to $5,000; the cost to Chrysler may run 10 times as much per car. While the Turbo Dart has a modified Dodge Dart body with standard TorqueFlite automatic transmission, the new baby will have its own futuristic coachwork, transmission and identity.

"We must take a cautious approach," says George Huebner. "This is a revolution. We understand the turbine, a lot of people don't. Maybe we'll make 75 one year, then 300 the next and 3,000 the next. This is the first time the supremacy of the piston engine has been threatened. Even if we started mass-producing gas-turbine engines next year it would take 10 years just to replace the number of existing piston engines without expanding the market. A complete takeover by the gas turbine would take an awfully long time."

For all of the advanced work it has done, the other front-runner, Rover, still has many reservations about production and marketing problems and has announced no plans to produce turbine cars in any quantities for private buyers. Rover does claim, however, that it could market the T.4 in "reasonable numbers," *i.e.*, 150 or more a week, at a price only 25% above current passenger models. With that threat stated, Rover's directors are watching and waiting. "If the only consideration were an engineering one," says Rover Chairman Maurice Wilks, "we could say with reasonable confidence that from a design point of view we could produce a specification for a satisfactory turbine car within the next two or three years."

"What we have here is youth," echoes George Huebner from Detroit. "It is intelligent, strong and willful, but as yet unrefined. We have developed the gas-turbine engine to the point where it is almost equal to the piston engine in performance. You've got to look at our youngster and say, 'that guy is going places someday.'" Possibly on Wednesday, May 30, at Indianapolis. **END**

TOO MUCH TO BEAT THIS YEAR

By the narrowest of margins and with some high-jumping help the Celtics beat the Lakers, but in the process identified a formidable future foe

by ARLIE W. SCHARDT

As they fought through the final game of the National Basketball Association championship last week those longtime rulers of the sport, the Boston Celtics, had a lot of things going for them. There was big Bill Russell, their defensive wonder, knocking opposition shots away from the basket with the casual ease of a man swatting flies. There was the Celtic offense, which attacks with the intuition and confidence of a man raiding his own icebox in the dark. There was Coach Red Auerbach, shouting strategy as his face turned the color his nickname suggests; and there were 13,900 partisan fans creating a din that ranged from amazed anguish to gasping relief.

As it turned out the Celtics needed all these things and very nearly more to finally defeat the young, eager and hungry Lakers from Los Angeles. By winning their fourth straight NBA championship, the Celtics prolonged their reign for yet another season. But never had a Boston title come so hard.

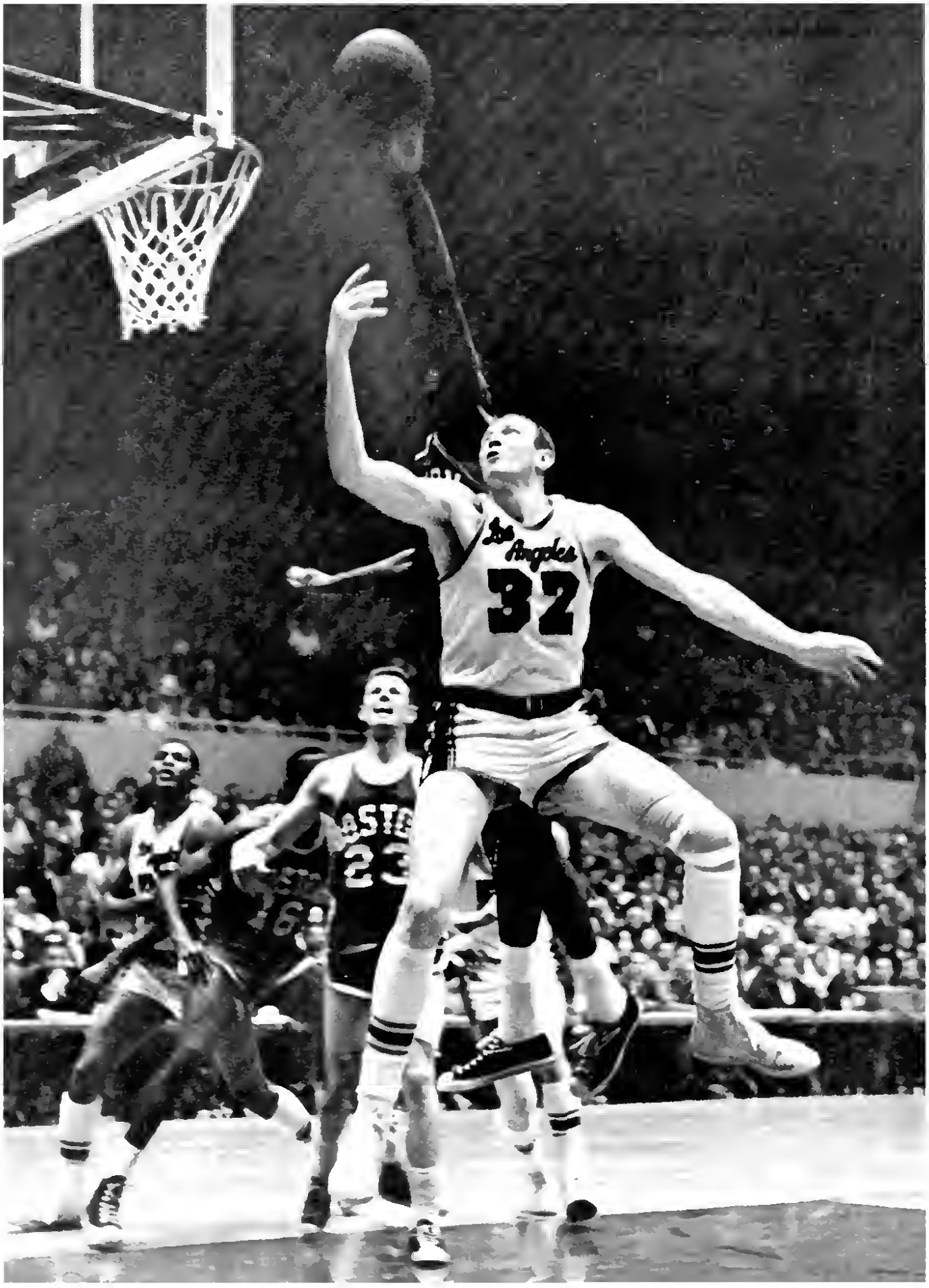
Indeed, the Lakers were within a scant three inches and the flick of a finger of upsetting the Celtics. They had the ball at midcourt with only seven seconds remaining and the score tied, 100–100. Laker Guard Frank Selvy drove through a forest of waving Boston hands and released an easy jump shot. It was three inches too high and rolled off the rim. Los Angeles' great forward, Elgin Baylor, way up in the air and ready to tap the shot in, thought it was going in by itself. He pulled back his hand, giving Bill Russell a chance to snatch the rebound as time ran out. Russell hugged the ball against his chest and sank to the floor on one knee, like a man giving prayerful thanks for his good fortune. He remained there—motionless—for 25 seconds, before getting up and walking slowly over to a rickety chair where the Boston trainer poured a pitcher of ice water across the back of his neck. Then he came back to lead the Celtics to a 110-107 overtime win. It had been that close.

The Celtics themselves realized that the Lakers' play marked the maturity of a rugged rival. Next season Los Angeles, led by the most successful young coach in the league, Fred Schaus, and helped by experience and a big draft choice—Center LeRoy Ellis of St. John's—will be tougher still. Perhaps too tough for a Celtic team on which a Cousy is near retirement and a Russell is dreaming about it.

"There is still no one on the horizon who can counteract the things Bill Russell can do to you," says Fred Schaus. "The Celts will be strong until they lose him." Russell is not so sure. After scoring 30 points and getting 40 rebounds in the final game, during which he never stopped running, passing, or intimidating opposing shooters, the end of his ordeal caused a tremendous emotional release. He got sick the moment he reached the locker room. Then he began to cry.

Russell needed only a quick shower to regain his poise. And he did some thinking out loud while he smoothed his neat goatee. "This one meant more to me than any other," he smiled. "Those Lakers give me the feeling things aren't going to be the same next year." END

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND performance by Russell finds him with feet still on floor as Laker Jim Krebs starts to shoot (*left*), leaping as Krebs releases ball (*center*), and then blocking the shot (*opposite*).


Los Angeles
32

RACING'S MENACE NO. 1 GOES TO THE DERBY

After finishing the Wood Memorial in a dead heat, Sunrise County lost again on a foul. Churchill Downs and some nervous rivals now await him

by WHITNEY TOWER

SHOEMAKER BRINGS SUNRISE COUNTY INTO THE STRETCH TURN ON THE RAIL WITH ADMIRAL'S VOYAGE ALONGSIDE HIM . . .

Shortly before last week's mile-and-an-eighth Wood Memorial at New York's Aqueduct track, Owner Townsend B. Martin was struggling to find nice things to say about his horse, Sunrise County. In a moment the colt would race as the favorite in the East's last major test for 3-year-olds before the May 5 Kentucky Derby. Martin, a 54-year-old New York investment broker who lives in Locust, N.J. and has been in racing since 1930, broke into a sheepish grin. "I'd have to say Sunrise County is nice looking. He's solid, all right. He's also consistently in the money." Then, bowing his head slightly, he added, "Of course, the Flamingo was rather unfortunate for his reputation."

This understatement of the racing year referred to Sunrise County's startling performance at Hialeah last month (SI, March 12), when, in beating Prego and Ridan, he swerved clear across the track in the stretch. Although first to the wire, he was subsequently disqualified to third position. "It's funny," said Martin, "he never bore out that way before, and he hasn't done it since. Nothing's troubling him and he's fit to run his best today." What happened in the next few moments at Aqueduct was enough to wreck the aplomb of the coolest investment broker on Wall Street. It also helped make Sunrise County the prime candidate for Public Menace No. 1 in Thoroughbred racing. As the 11 horses broke from the gate, Willie Shoemaker bounced Sunrise County out in front from the second stall. To his right, in stall No. 3, stonefaced Braulio Baeza did the same with Fred Hooper's Admiral's Voyage. The rest of the pack,

with the exception of Donut King, might as well have gone hunting elsewhere for purse money.

From the start, Sunrise County gave Shoemaker the same trouble he had given Herberto Hinojosa, who rode him at Hialeah. He tried to bear out on the first turn and plainly interfered with Baeza and Admiral's Voyage right there. But the two leaders ran as a team every foot of the way. In exchanging the lead at least three times, neither faltered once. Admiral's Voyage, in constant trouble, would not give in, and at the same time Shoemaker couldn't keep Sunrise County from wandering toward right field. In the process they combined to bottle up Manuel Yeaza on Donut King.

Turning for home, Shoemaker had his stubborn colt near the rail, and the two Derby contenders appeared ready for the kind of stretch run that hasn't been seen in the Wood since Sunrise County's daddy, Summer Tan, lost in the last stride of the 1955 race to Nashua. But as soon as they straightened out, Sunrise County started drifting again.

A furious Baeza was powerless to do anything to help Admiral's Voyage. Shoemaker and Sunrise County carried them fully a third of the way across the track. Shoe, fighting for control, used his whip right-handed, trying to get Sunrise County to veer left toward the rail. But a whip was hardly what Baeza wanted to have waving close to Admiral's Voyage's head at this point. Nor did Baeza particularly relish the banging that his left foot was receiving from Shoemaker's right boot. Neither colt, however, gave up the battle. They finished in a dead heat.

When both owners came to the winner's circle, they exchanged polite, if pointed opinions. "It looked to me," said Hooper, "as though your horse came out and hit me pretty good."

"I thought your horse was having trouble changing his lead [adjusting stride] on the turns," said Martin. The two men stood around awkwardly awaiting the decision of the stewards on Baeza's logical claim of foul against Shoemaker. Nine minutes after the dead heat, the stewards gave the $59,703 first money to Hooper and Admiral's Voyage, and to Sunrise County the second-place pot of $18,370.

The owners shook hands and went off to make plans to fly both colts to Louisville this week. If the day was a complete success for Fred Hooper, it wasn't a total loss to Townsend Martin. When he returned home following the Wood, he discovered another 3-year-old of his, Sebring, had just won the Players Navy Cut Stakes at Ireland's Phoenix Park to establish himself as one of the favorites for England's Epsom Derby. "Sebring," said Martin, "is probably a much better horse than Sunrise County, and as far as I can learn, always runs in a straight line."

Whether or not Sunrise County can be taught to run straight before his appearance on Derby Day, he will obviously be of major concern to his Churchill Downs rivals. "He doesn't move as though anything is hurting him," said a frustrated Shoemaker, "and I still intend to ride him in the Derby." Other owners, trainers and jockeys will be hoping that Shoe draws the outside post. From there, if he wants to go sightseeing to his right, Sunrise County would endanger nothing more than a few mint juleps. **END**

. . . BUT DOWN THE STRETCH, SHOE'S ERRATIC COLT DRIFTS WAY OUT, TAKING ADMIRAL'S VOYAGE AND DONUT KING WITH HIM

PLAYERS WITH MAGIC

A dwindling group of colorful baseballers —'flakes,' 'hot dogs' and just plain stars— manage to keep old traditions dimly alive

by ***WALTER BINGHAM***

On a dark and rainy afternoon in Boston some years ago the Braves were losing a game to the Brooklyn Dodgers. It was the bottom half of the fifth inning and as the sky grew darker and the rain increased, the Braves tried everything to make the umpires call off the game before it became official. Finally Connie Ryan, the Braves' second baseman, came wandering out of the dugout wearing an oversize raincoat and carrying a flashlight. *History does not record whether the umpires* laughed, but certainly everyone else did.

And they laughed the day that Lefty Gomez had to bat against Bobby Feller in the gloom of late afternoon. This was in 1940 when the young Feller was long on speed but short on control. Just before Gomez took his stance at the plate, he reached in his pocket, produced a book of matches and lit one.

"Put that out," ordered the umpire. "It's not that dark. I can see him fine."

"Oh, I can see him fine too," said Gomez, "I just want to make sure he can see me."

The Ryan and Gomez stories are part of the lore

continued

WILLIE MAYS CLOWNS IN A PEPPER GAME

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of the game and they are told and retold whenever baseball people get together. And yet it is one of the sad facts of baseball that if either of these incidents happened today, the offender would be reprimanded sharply and probably fined by his manager, his club owner or the league president.

Individuality is disappearing from the game; the trend is toward the organization man. There are still a magic few who by the force of their personality or the style of their play manage to stand out from the rest, but their number is dwindling. A Dick Stuart is cautioned by the Pittsburgh front office that he will go a lot further in baseball if he keeps his mouth shut and sticks to hitting. Casey Stengel disagrees. "If you think you're going to do better just by being serious all the time and never telling any stories or doing any kidding around—why, you're a little mistaken," he has said. Stengel can say that and practice it because he is a big name, too big to control. When he sets off sparklers in the dugout, as he did in Chicago two years ago, the umpires and the commissioner's office can only look the other way and pretend it didn't happen. But let a little man try it and he's in trouble.

In the summer of 1957, when Bragan was manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, he was thrown out of a game for arguing a call with the umpires. Bragan withdrew into the dugout but reappeared almost immediately with a small carton of orange soda pop and two straws. "It's a hot night," he said, "and as long as we're going to discuss this thing we might as well be comfortable." Not only was he fined, but less than a week later he was fired as manager.

Ballplayers themselves seem to have less patience with the comedian or eccentric than they once did. Today any player who varies from the normal pattern of behavior on the field is immediately branded as either a hot dog, baseball's special term for a show-off, or as a flake—an oddball. Last year when Gene Freese, new to the Cincinnati team, hit his first home run of the season, he jumped and skipped his way around the bases, giving a masterful imitation of Bill Mazeroski's romp after he hit the home run that beat the Yankees in the 1960 World Series. Freese immediately was stamped as a flake. So was Jackie Brandt of the Baltimore Orioles after he hit a home run and then slid into every base as he ran it out. The umpires and the front office winced, but there were no complaints from the fans.

There have been flakes and hot dogs in baseball as long as the game has been played, although they were called by other names, like showboats and hamburgers. One of the early flakes was Germany Schaefer, who once decided that the quickest route from first to third base was straight across the diamond. There was a day when Schaefer came to bat against Nick Altrock with a runner on first. Schaefer took the first pitch for a strike. Then Altrock threw over to first base to hold the runner close. Schaefer swung and missed the second pitch and threw his bat away in disgust.

"That's only strike two," the umpire said to him.

"The heck it is," Schaefer said. "I swung at the ball he threw to first."

Rube Waddell was another flake. If he heard the wail of a fire siren he was apt to take off, even if he happened to be warming up. Connie Mack, his manager, once recalled the time he was watching a spectacular blaze and admiring the skill and daring of a fireman high atop a ladder.

"I stood there marveling at this man," Mack recalled, "and then I realized I was watching Waddell."

Dizzy Dean and Lefty Gomez were both as zany—or flaky—as they were effective. There was a day in St. Louis when the Cardinals had to play a game in 110° temperature. All the players were complaining about the heat, so Dean and his teammate Pepper Martin collected scraps of paper and wood and made a fire in the dugout. Then they wrapped themselves in blankets and squatted in front of the blaze.

Gomez was once asked what his chief ambition was. "It's a crucial game before a packed crowd at Yankee Stadium," said Gomez. "In the ninth inning the bases are loaded. Our pitcher is be-

continued

GOOD LOOKS AND A BIG SWING MAKE ROCKY COLAVITO BIG BOX OFFICE

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ginning to fade and Joe McCarthy calls me to the mound. And then I come roaring out of the bullpen, riding a motorcycle and wearing a full suit of armor."

The words and deeds of players like Schaefer, Waddell, Dean and Gomez are almost alien to baseball today. The organization ballplayer thinks first, last and always of security, in the form of high salaries, profitable endorsements and a lucrative pension plan. He plays it safe, and he has taken much of the color out of the game.

There are still some genuine comics in baseball, however. Gil Hodges, so long a Dodger, now a New York Met, is one, although he necessarily must keep his talent carefully hidden. When the Brooklyn Dodgers made a trip to Japan in 1956 for a score of exhibition games, Hodges played left field. Between innings he improvised a pantomime that had the Japanese fans roaring. In his act, Hodges would be all things, pitcher, batter, base runner and fielder. It was good entertainment, but the act closed forever when the Dodgers returned home. Hodges felt it would not be proper to continue it in the major leagues, and baseball lost an added attraction.

Still the Hodges humor shows through on the field occasionally. Hodges was playing first base in St. Louis a few years ago when Stan Musial came to bat. Musial hit a vicious foul ball just wide of first. In a quick, graceful motion, Hodges moved to his left and came up with the ball. On the next pitch, Musial hit another wicked foul and again Hodges made a lunging stop. On the third pitch Musial swung and missed and the bat came flying out of his hands toward first base. Hodges swooped in on the bat, scooped it up and for an instant pretended that he was about to throw it toward third. Then he turned, his face as solemn as ever, and handed the bat to the bat boy.

WILLIE DAVIS TAKES OFF ON A RAPID TRIP AROUND THE BASES. LOS ANGELES

Until he retired last year, Ted Williams was hands down baseball's most magical personality, the surest box office draw in the game. Red Sox attendance without Williams last year was off 280,000 at home and another 130,000 on the road, this in spite of an expanded schedule, the Maris-Mantle home run derby and an improved Red Sox team.

It is no secret that the Washington sportswriters, helmet slinging—are well known. What is sometimes overlooked is that Piersall is also a very accomplished player, a player without any pronounced weakness. He can bunt, hit a home run, hook slide and make a catch. He performs with a gusto that borders on the hysterical and the fans love it.

The fans love Rocky Colavito of Detroit, too. Detroit officials estimate that

DODGER FANS FLOCK TO SEE BASEBALL'S FASTEST RUNNER IN HIGH GEAR

Senators had attendance in mind when they traded for Jimmy Piersall. Washington needed someone who would draw the crowds at home and away. When tickets went on sale for Washington's opener this year, more than 44,000 were sold in three days. Crowds began lining up at 4:30 a.m., four and a half hours before the ticket windows opened. This may have been due in part to Washington's new stadium, but Piersall was the big reason. Two things made Piersall one of the game's most exciting players and hence, big box office. His demonstrations —the bug sprays, tirades at umpires and Colavito adds about 1,500 people—many of them giggly young girls—to every game's attendance. Part of the magic of Colavito is his dark handsome face, and part of it is his swing and the ritual leading up to it. Before Colavito steps into the batter's box, he ceremoniously takes each end of his bat and brings it over his head and down behind him, arching his shoulders violently in the process. Rocky calls this loosening his shoulder muscles; others call it hot-dogging. What does it matter? It *is* good theater. The show continues as Colavito steps into the batter's box. Slowly and

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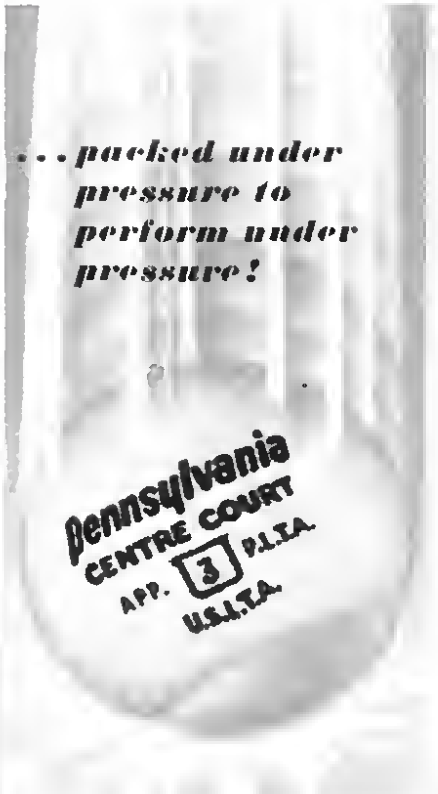

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deliberately he swings his bat forward until it is pointed menacingly at the pitcher. He keeps it there for a full second, then draws it back and is ready to swing.

The swing is the *pièce de résistance*. When Rocky swings, he comes up from the heels and spins all the way around. There is vengeance in the swing and the fans realize it, so that even when he strikes out, it is exciting. And when he hits a home run, glory be. There are better players than Rocky Colavito—Al Kaline, his teammate, is one—but it's Rocky who draws the fans.

Just as Colavito can be accused of being a hot dog, so can almost every other exciting star. Luis Aparicio (*see cover*) and Maury Wills are almost identical in their ability to play shortstop and steal bases. Yet Aparicio is electric, while Wills is merely a pleasant, serious-minded young man. Luis' flash stems from his uninhibited joy as he makes the play. He's a happy guy and he has perfect confidence in his own skill. He handles his hands with a little extra fillip, not so much for show as for the pleasure it gives him.

There is a lot of hot dog in Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Clemente likes to turn loose his howitzer throwing arm whenever possible, even when the base runner wouldn't dream of advancing. It always draws oohs and ahs from the crowd. Clemente also has a habit of swinging wildly at bad pitches, missing, and propelling himself completely around and onto the seat of his pants. His base running and slides are conducted with the same abandon. But Clemente is a very good ballplayer and he is the best gate attraction at Pittsburgh since Ralph Kiner stopped hitting home runs.

The baseball fan wants each player to be different from any other, each to have his own little eccentricities. He knows that when Vic Power takes throws at first base on the run he is showing off, but the fan looks forward to it and would be disappointed if Power suddenly started to field in the conventional way. There would be disappointment, too, if Willie Mays abandoned his basket catch, stopped running out from under his cap and stopped playing pepper games with schoolboy delight. And how much duller the game would be if

continued

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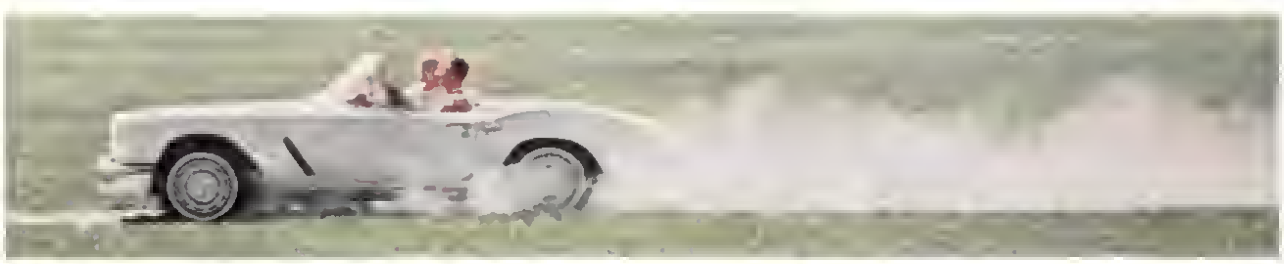

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Casey Stengel made himself understood.

The fan is always ready—in fact, eager—for new personalities in baseball. San Francisco had Mays and Orlando Cepeda when Willie McCovey broke in, but for several weeks McCovey was the only man in town. McCovey has slipped back now, but his name still causes a stir. In San Jose, citizens petitioned to change the name of McCovey Street to Monte Vista Drive. ("What did this guy Monte ever hit?" asked one resident.) The petition was denied but a local councilman said, "If McCovey doesn't have a good season, the name goes!"

The Yankees were the Yankees—Mantle, Berra, Ford, etc.—when Ryne Duren blazed upon the scene. Duren, good as he was, might have been lost among a team with such stars as the Yankees, but he knew how to give the fans a good show. First he would vault the bullpen railing with one hand to let the crowd know it was the mighty Duren who was coming in. Then—and the fans came to count on this—he would fire his first warmup pitch high above the catcher and all the way to the screen. Then he would strike out the batter, at least most of the time. Duren's meteor, like McCovey's, has burned out, but he proved that there is always room for a personality.

Each new season seems to produce a few players with that intangible touch of magic that makes people want to watch them in action. Los Angeles fans have learned to root for Willie Davis to hit one not over the fence but between the outfielders so they can see him streak around the bases like a frightened fawn. The same fans were surprised and delighted when in the Dodgers' third game of the season, a young pitcher named Pete Richert came in from the bullpen and struck out six batters in a row. Now they are not too sorry when a Dodger starter is knocked out, it means that Richert may be coming in. Baltimore fans root for a flashy newcomer named John (Boog) Powell to hit a home run; opponents root for someone to hit a line drive to Powell in left field just to see how he butchers it. In either case, it's exciting baseball.

Baseball needs these new personalities, the more, the better. But it could also use a few young players with the imagination and the nerve to come roaring in from the bullpen on a motorcycle, wearing a full suit of armor. END

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Where is Steve Hernandez, the demon racer from Sunnyvale, Calif.?

by ROBERT WERNICK

Right here in the pits— the kid with the red hat

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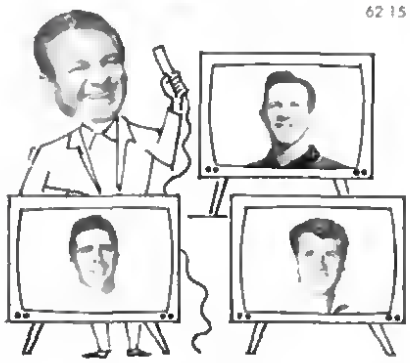

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You're kidding. That's Tiny Tim in the Sunnyvale nursery school Christmas play

It's Steve Hernandez, all right, and the flint would melt out of any Scrooge's heart at the sight of him. Pale and frail, his long-lashed, liquid eyes fixed obediently on his father, he stands with his little arms clasped behind him while around him roars the purposeful clutter and clatter of the pits. His mother is adjusting the fit of his jacket, Dad is going over the tactics for the next race, the tight-jeaned adolescents are talking about their latest auto crashes as they tinker with their carburetors, chicks in checked shirts are chewing gum and spinning Yo-yos, the announcer is threatening damnation to racers with inadequate mufflers, but the loudspeaker only churns up further the sound waves spitting and rattling and booming off the track.

"It's time to go, Steve," says Dad, and he taps the great red crash helmet with the No. 16 on it. "That's the number he wore at Berryessa," says Dad as he tightens the straps. "That was the first time I let him really race, he'd just been around the track before. That was last February, and we'd just got him the kart for a Christmas present. He was only 7, and we were scared they were going to ask for his birth certificate. Once later on they did, and they wouldn't let him race because the minimum age is 8, and, man, was he mad."

"He's a good boy," says Mom, "and he gets good marks in school. But, boy, has he got a temper."

Did Steve win his first race?

"He sure did," says Dad. "He just took off and flew."

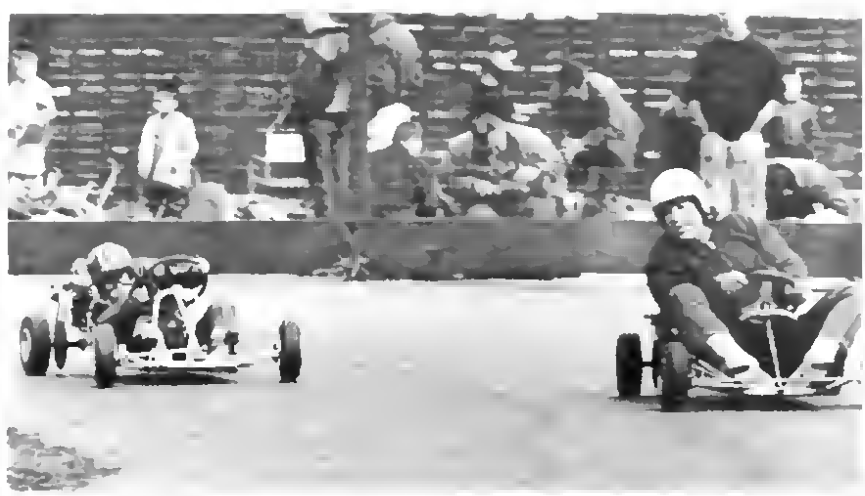
"He always wins!" cries Mom. "At least he always comes in first, second or third, one of those. The house is full of trophies. He loves cups, but now he has so many sometimes he prefers to get ribbons. We had some shelves built for my husband's trophies when he was racing motorcycles, but we've had to move them all away. Steve's trophies take up all the room."

"I raced four years, and I got 21 trophies," says Dad. "Steve's only been racing a year and he's got 57."

"Fifty-eight," Steve corrects him from somewhere under the immense black goggles that leave nothing of his face to be seen but the thin white point of his chin.

"You're counting the one from Snow's Grand Prix that they haven't sent us yet.

continued



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Oh, we've got them from all over. We've raced Steve up and down the San Mateo peninsula and all over—Lodi, Watsonville, why we've been all the way to Oroville."

What's your favorite track, Steve?

"It's in San Jose," says Mom.

"They've got straightaways there," says Dad, "man, they can get going up to 40, 45—"

"Livermore," pipes Steve.

"That's the one with the hump," cries Dad. "Man, I give him the biggest gear ratio I have down there. I've got 16 different sprockets, it depends on the kind of course they've got. Like this track here, it's all curves."

Do you get scared, Steve?

Straight up in the air

"Of course he gets scared," says Dad. "That's what makes him a good racer. Take me, I was reckless, I didn't care what happened. But he's cautious. You've got to be, even in these karts. Of course, you're so close to the ground they say you can't fall very far. But where was it, Berryessa, the time that guy stopped in front of him and he couldn't swerve, and that kart went straight up in the air about nine feet and came down nose first."

"It gives me ulcers," says Mom.

"He gets hanged up a bit sometimes," says Dad. "You know, in some of these out-of-town tracks they don't like to call penalties on the hometown kids so quick. One course there was a great big fellow kept bumping Steve. It could happen anyplace. So he's cautious."

"But he's a born racer," says Mom. "He just loves it. He won't let me ride his kart because he's afraid I'll wreck it. His sister Sharon got run over by a kart once, a fellow's throttle jammed in the pits and he couldn't stop, now she won't get in one. But he loves it."

"When he's on a bicycle," says Dad, "he bucks up his front wheel when he takes a corner. He'll be on motorcycles any day."

"I couldn't stand it," says Mom. "I get so scared right now, I hold on to the fence and, boy, I get ulcers."

By now it is time to start, and Dad picks up the rear of Steve's kart as he climbs in. It is a standard 2½-hp McCulloch (cost $300), except that the foot pedals have been removed from the front and welded onto the side struts, almost halfway back. Steve has to reach for-

continued

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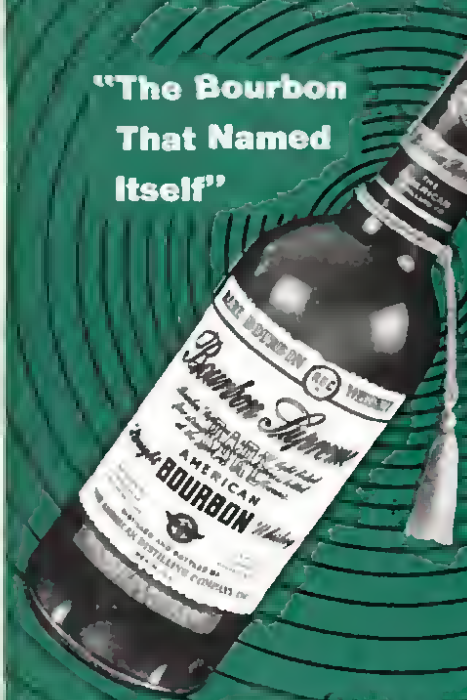

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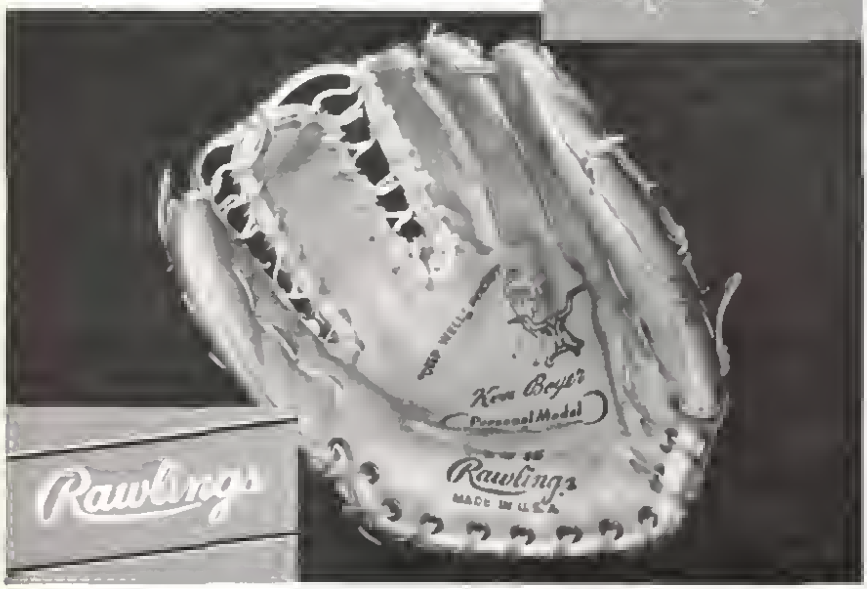

ward and stretch out his arms as far as they can go just to reach the steering wheel. Dad trundles it forward—a heave, a sputter, and Steve is off, the top of his big red helmet barely showing above the wheel.

"Man," says Dad, "sometimes you see him take a practice run and there's a grown man going down there and suddenly he hears this *whoosh!* right by him and he looks down and he doesn't know what it was that went past, because all he can see is the back of the kart and it doesn't look as if there's anybody in it."

Steve is on the track now, taking his warmup lap. Now the green flag falls and off he roars. It's only a race against the clock this time, weaving around a pattern of tires. But the tense, tiny body bends forward, the great motor roars and—"Watch him go!" cries the karting columnist for the local paper. "That kid drives like a wild man, and when he takes one of those curves it's party, party, party!"

And so it is. Steve takes a curve by throwing all his 47 pounds as far as they will go to right or left in his 80-pound vehicle. He is over almost parallel to the ground as he goes into the wrenching skids, which pick up the seconds in these races. On he goes—a flick, a spin, a figure eight—and in the stands a frenetic claque of Hernandez uncles and aunts and cousins is stamping and screeching. "Twenty-nine seconds flat," says the loudspeaker, and an aunt yells back, "I counted 26!"

"He gets so bored"

Twenty-nine is good enough, as it turns out, for another cup to add to Steve's collection. Only one fellow, a grown-up, does better. But there is no time to crow; the next event is the first heat in Steve's class, Junior Class A Bushing. This is not the class he should be in by rights, but that kind of class wouldn't hold him. "He gets so bored," says Mom, "when he races against kids his own age. He gets out in front right away, and then he just coasts in. That's why we race him with these teen-agers. They're twice as big as he is, but he beats them all. . . . Be careful, Steve. . . . Easy, baby. . . . Faster, Steve! . . . Faster, Steve, faster, faster!"

Steve is outjockeyed at the start, but now he's coming up. A pass at the far turn, and he's No. 3. By the fourth

continued

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lap he's No. 2. Only one ahead of him, but that one is hugging the rail on the straightaway and swinging wide at the turns, and it's the last lap and Steve is outside on the last turn and the other guy thinks he can coast in, but here comes Steve all out and he passes him at the finish line by the thickness of a coat of paint.

General exultation.

The second heat, though, turns out to be a disaster. Steve gets in trouble at the start again, and he has to perform prodigies of corner-cutting to get up to third, but then finds the broad backs of two competitors forming a wall in front of him that he is powerless to get through. Mom clutches the fence, Dad shakes his head. "I stayed up till 2:30 working on that carburetor," he says.

"We've taught Steve to be a good loser," says Mom, "and he takes it like just one of those things if he loses a race by himself, but if it's because something's wrong with the car, boy, does he get sore."

He is tight-lipped but tranquil as he comes putt-putting off the course. Mom takes off his helmet and goggles, and he goes off to buy a Popsicle. Dad throws himself at the engine. "No, Steve don't know much about it, he's too young." A concourse of experts and philosophers forms. "Try the spark plug. . . . Somebody go get me a gasket for a Tillotson carburetor. . . . Maybe the mixture's too light. . . . No, I've got it almost all the way open at the bottom. . . . It must be the diaphragm sucking air. . . ." "You know," says Dad, "the great thing about these races, you got these kids out here, they're practicing all day Saturday and then something breaks down, they have to stay up all Saturday night repairing them for the Sunday races, and that way they go through a whole weekend and they don't have a chance to get in trouble. It's all these modifications," Dad winds up his work sullenly. "That's what sends the costs up. If they just raced in stock cars, why that would be O.K. But one racer starts modifying, you've got to modify too. Then the fuel. Those other kids are using methanol, and then they're putting a little nitro in. You can tell by the smoke. Of course the McCul-

continued

HELMETED, GOGGLED, BELTED IN, STEVE IS WHEELBARROWED TO START BY DAD

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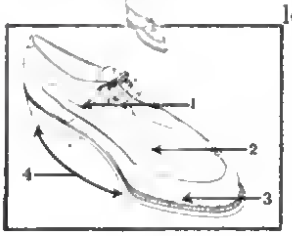

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loch people love that, because sometimes the engine blows up." Dad is a truck driver for the Southern Pacific piggyback operations, and he can't afford new engines like that.

Where's Steve?

He is off comparing Yo-yos with a little friend. But it's time for the finals now. "This one is for the marbles, Steve," says Dad.

"Show 'em this time," says Mom. "But be careful."

"Don't you slow down"

"Now watch out for that Patty Yamamoto," says Dad, angling his hands like a fighter pilot describing his combats. "When you come up to the starting line she's just braking but you're slowing down so she can pull up to you, and then all she has to do is to let up on the brake and she's away from you. Don't you slow down. And another thing: at the curves . . ."

Steve listens. Then again the ritual of the helmet, the goggles, this time a little black satin jacket marked Sunnyvale Poco Locos (the motto of Dad and his pals), then lift, sputter and roar, shrieking in the stands, Mom clutching the fence, Dad shouting advice into the welter of decibels. Patty Yamamoto is giving it the gun beside Steve—she is exactly twice his age and approximately twice his size. They're over the starting line, Steve's in the lead. *Slam* around the curve with all the screech of his racing slicks. But Patty is right behind him, Patty is coming up and suddenly Patty is ahead of him. Patty is blocking him on the turns, she's pulling ahead, she's five lengths ahead when the checkered flag waves, and there is grief and muttering in the stands.

"It must have been the carburetor," says Dad.

"We've taught Steve to be a good loser," says Mom. "But he gets so excited about these races. He talks about them all the time."

The aunts and cousins are glum. But suddenly they notice an unexpected huddle by the starting line where the racers have to check in after their last lap. Frowning faces poke at the rear of Patty Yamamoto's kart. Arms wave. The public address system sparks to life. Patty Yamamoto's dad is revealed to have removed the baffle from her muffler between the heats. Disqualified. Uproar of rejoicing from the cousins and the aunts.

continued

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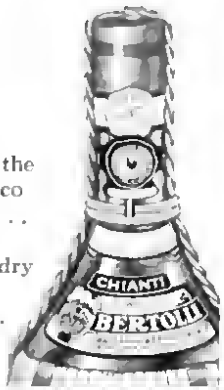

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Mom dances for joy and hugs Steve. Dad grumbles that he doesn't want that kind of first place. He shakes hands with Mr. Yamamoto—it could happen to anyone.

Off come helmet and goggles, and Steve gets another Popsicle. He stands

PENSIVE STEVE PONDERS HIS FUTURE

sucking it quietly at the fence, watching the adults scoot around in their superpowered jobs with two and even four carburetors, twin exhausts, chrome embellishments. The sound waves loop, reverb, explode.

Don't you mind all the noise, Steve?

"When I'm racing," says Steve, "I don't hear nothing."

The sun is setting over the San Bruno mountains, and the track is compact with smoke from the exhausts and the smell of oil, with traces of nitro. The loudspeaker has finally ceased its chatter, and karts are being trundled away to be put on the trucks or station wagons that brought them. The Hernandez clan is off for victory salami and potato salad at the neat suburban home in Sunnyvale, where room will be made for two more cups on the trophy shelves and Mom and Dad, uncles and aunts will diagnose times and techniques while Steve sits in a corner playing checkers with a little cousin and beating her hollow. **END**

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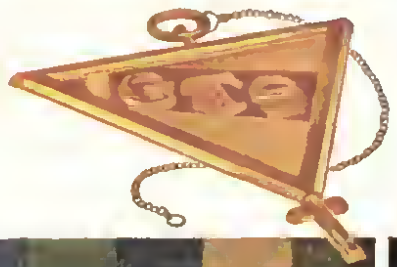

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Photograph by Wil Blanche
Drawings by Arthur Singer

In early stage, Mayfly nymphs stay close to bottom, are already sought as food by trout.

DRAMA OF THE MAYFLY

In a life that may last only a second, the Mayfly achieves great beauty and brings matchless sport to the angler

by LELAND DAY

In the soft, minor tones of a Michigan trout stream the picture at left shows the delicate beauty of a Mayfly at the instant of its birth. A few seconds ago the Mayfly was a brown, grublike thing, struggling upward from the silt of the stream bed. Now, full-born, it rests on the surface, drying its fragile and richly veined wings. From this moment the Mayfly's life will be brief and poetic; it may last less than a second, never as much as a week, and for as long as it lives it will be devoted entirely to the art of love. At any time, however, this ephemeral creature may disappear into the stomach of a fish, for the trout do not regard the insects as either romantic or poetic, but merely appetizing.

Mayflies are to trout as trout are to fly-fishermen. Fifty species of North American Mayflies provide so substantial a portion of the food of U.S. trout that they are of primary concern to fishermen. One of the largest and most fascinating of the 50 is *Hexagenia limbata*—the fly shown on the opposite page—a giant among its kind that appears nocturnally in fantastic numbers on the big, cold trout rivers threading the Michigan plains south of the Straits of Mackinac.

When Mayflies make an appearance in any strength on a trout stream, fly-fishermen stretch a technical point and call it a hatch. The mating flight of *Hexagenia limbata* puts so many insects on the water so fast that Michigan woodsmen call it a blanket hatch. A trout fisherman exposed to one for the first time can scarcely believe what is happening. The fish go wild.

One June evening a mating flight of good-size Mayflies—gray drakes—was overhead in the dusk on Michigan's Au Sable River. The trout were feeding well on the dropping females when I noticed the abrupt influx of a much larger fly. It seemed to come from nowhere. The surface would be bare, and in the next instant it would hold a big, grayish Mayfly with large wings erect like a sail.

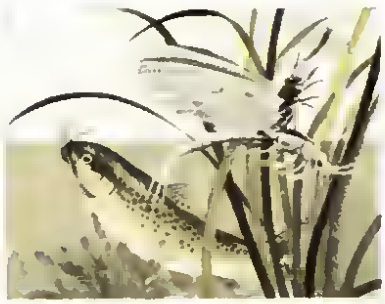
One floated toward me. As I bent to look, a trout flashed white in the water, taking the fly so near that drops from the rise struck my face. I had had time, however, to identify the fly as *Hexagenia limbata*. In the next few moments the air around me was filled with a blizzard of these majestic insects, and the surface of the pool was roiled and churned as the trout erupted in a frenzy of feeding.

This was my first experience of the manna that big nocturnal Mayflies bring to heavily fished public water. It was one of the rare times I have seen *Hexagenia limbata* in enough natural light to observe the abandon with which otherwise skittish trout move in to feed.

In the full darkness, when king-size Mayflies normally appear, the fishing is blind, carried on in an eerie world where your awareness is limited to what you can hear and feel.

continued

As they grow, nymphs shed outer shells, sometimes molt 20 times before reaching maturity.



At surface, Mayfly sheds nymphal shell for last time, must take flight before trout strike.

Climax of cycle is mating flight when females drop eggs, drive trout to frenzy of feeding.

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This phenomenon of the blanket hatch, with its rich dividends to the angler, is not limited to midwestern waters. At least two well-known species occur as far east as the streams of New York and Pennsylvania: they are *Ephemerella guttulata* (known as shad flies and coffin flies) and *Hexagenia recurvata* (the brown drakes). These normally appear earlier in the season on more southerly streams than *Hexagenia limbata*, are neither quite so large nor so numerous and are prevalent in late evening rather than in full night. Other than in size, numbers and nocturnal nature of its appearance, *Hexagenia limbata* is similar to all other Mayflies.

Hexagenia limbata, measuring an inch and a quarter in the body, with two-inch tails, has the same tapered, arching form, the same handsome triangular-shaped wing as the little Caenis fly, a bare one-eighth of an inch long. Characteristics of the order include two pairs of wings (although some tiny species have but one pair) and a life cycle of three stages —egg, nymph and winged insect—with the eggs and nymphs maturing in water. It is this last characteristic that has elevated *Hexagenia limbata* in the minds of fishermen, because the water they prefer is the same clear, cold, pollution-free water trout prefer. In such water Mayflies often are the dominant insect. At all stages, from its first weak movements as a tiny subsurface nymph until it makes its momentary appearance on the surface as a winged adult, the Mayfly is fiercely hunted by trout.

In the brief five centuries that fly-fishing has been a matter of record, men after trout have striven to imitate this remarkable insect at every stage of its life, to put down on the water a Mayfly impression the trout will accept out of familiarity and instinct. When this happens a trout is hooked, the angler achieves his intention and the Mayfly furthers a purpose beyond the design of nature—that of sport.

Mayflies develop in response to the stimulation of water temperature. As trout water warms gradually from south to north and from lowland rivers to mountain runnels in the course of spring and summer, the Mayfly appears on the surface every day and not just in May, as its common name might imply. Adult, winged Mayflies live from several hours to several days, and to reach this fleeting maturity they grow slowly as nymphs for one to three years. The vast mating flights, such as the one I witnessed by *Hexagenia limbata*, are the start of this ponderous cycle.

In a great swarm overhead the male insects rise and fall in a weird, undulating nuptial rhythm. The females, who have risen from the water to wait (and rest) in streamside trees and brush, begin to appear individually and to enter the swarm seeking mates.

The male makes the selection, approaching his mate from below. Once the midair connection is made, the female's wings continue to beat, keeping both insects aloft. The male holds her from below, his long forelegs bent upward to clutch her around the thorax, as his abdomen arches up until a tiny tweezerlike structure at its tip clasps her abdomen at the oviducts. Fertilization is thus completed.

At the end of the brief mating act the male releases his hold and disappears back into the swarm to await another female (he may fertilize five or six in his brief life-span). His mate flies erratically back and forth before dropping down to the surface. Here, if the trout miss her, she forces her abdomen into the water and within 10 to 15 seconds extrudes from 4,000 to 7,000 eggs. She then drifts off, dying, her wings lying spent. As her fragile body disintegrates from the action of the water, the eggs drift down to the bottom where, in about two weeks, the tiny nymphs will emerge to make their homes among the sediment and stream grass.

Most Mayfly nymphs are burrowers and bottom dwellers. Those in the family Ephemeridae, of which *Hexagenia limbata* is the most spectacular member, are found in the slower cold-water streams and in cold, clear lakes.

All Mayfly nymphs grow by molting. As insects they possess an exoskeleton, that is, a shell-like outer covering, which hardens from a secretion coming out of the nymph. This shell splits when the creature inside begins to produce the secretion that in several days will harden

into a new and larger exoskeleton. In this short span the nymph does most of its actual growing.

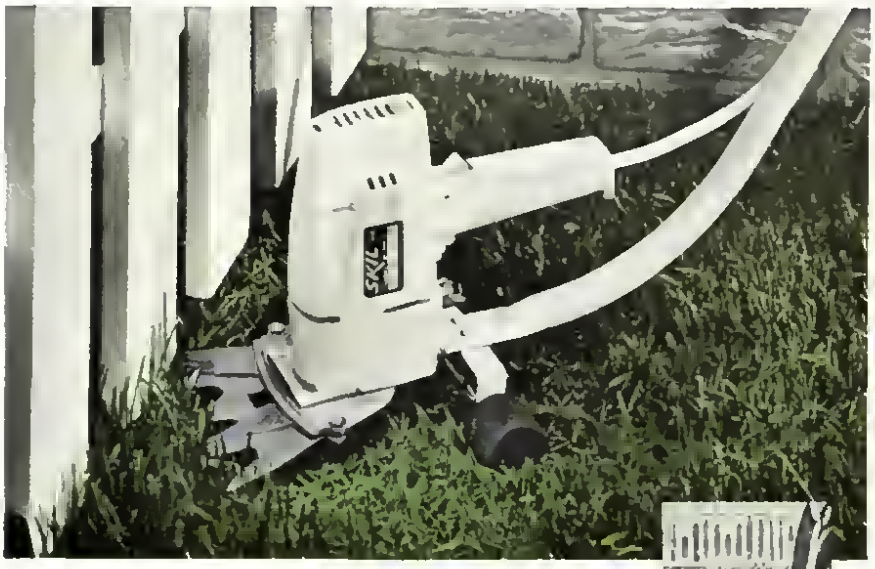
Nymphs molt up to 20 times, and in the process only their size changes. From the time they hatch from the egg, they bear some resemblance to their eventual adult form. They have tiny shoots of wings in cases, or pads, on the thorax, and these become larger and darker as the insects near maturity. In the final molt as a nymph, the wing cases, too, are shed and the adult Mayfly emerges. After drying its wings, the Mayfly takes flight for the first time, then sheds its skin once more, the only order among insects to molt in the winged state. After this, *Hexagenia limbata* has slightly longer tails and a more slender, tapering abdomen. The wings become transparent and the veining distinct, and the grayish coloration gives way to a yellowish hue. This is the last stage in its growth; only mating and death lie before it.

Now the insects make their second—and final—appearance over the water, in the mating flight. This is also called a hatch, usually a brush hatch, and it is the target of night dry-fly men. The bodies of the spent *Hexagenia* litter the surface. The water boils and splashes throughout the drift of the hatch, and heavy fish that normally feed deep come up to take the Mayfly and put themselves within reach of the angler.

That June night on the Au Sable the hatch began in the last light of day and continued into black night. While I could still see the pool, there were 50 fish in the air at once. A dinner plate tossed onto the water anywhere in that stretch would have covered a dozen floating Mayflies. Insects were on my cap and shoulders, and constantly blundered into my face.

A companion and I took 15 trout, browns and rainbows, running from a foot long to 15 inches. Our chewed-up dry flies were seized the instant they hit the water, and in the darkness we struck in response to sudden, splashing tugs. We fished like this for half an hour, our flies whispering back and forth overhead as we worked out line. Then, suddenly, the night air was free of wings and the surface of the water quiet except for the occasional plop, plop of a few trout, still feeding on the last of the falling flies. The hatch was over. The brief drama of the Mayfly had ended and with it a matchless hour of fishing on a spring night. **END**

NEW! SKIL GRASS SHEAR



Trims grass flush to walls, gets under fences, too!

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SKIL POWER TOOLS

after the city, before the state the ZONE keeps your mail from being late

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include *your* zone number in *your* return address—after the city, before the state.

The Seattle golfers and spectators on these four pages have a welcome message for everyone who really loves the game. They are all wearing rain clothes designed to keep spectators dry and golfers swinging, no matter what the weather. The spectator clothes shown here in stylish and colorful vinyl-coated fabrics will withstand a drenching. Moreover, the excellent water-repellent fabrics developed over the past few years are now being used in action golf clothes: for men there are golf suits that are comfortable to play in, rain or shine, and for women golf skirts, parkas, even hats and shoes.

SWINGING IN THE RAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

Watching the play on the Seattle Golf Club's pine-studded fairways, Russell Johnson (*right*) is dry and warm in a yellow vinyl-coated nylon jacket called the "Bearcat," made by Mr. Witt. On the opposite page: Lynn Larson wears a white vinyl patent-leather parka from Ernst Engel, backed with an absorbent cotton knit. With Lynn is Barbara Graham, in John Weitz's water-repellent poplin tunic, made by Supak. Her straw golfer's boater, by Miscellani, is also water-repellent, with a clear acrylic coating.

Foursome in the rain is made up of Judy Hoetmer in Bonnie Cashin's canvas skirt and hooded shirt from Philip Sills, Susan McCoy in McMullen's Zelan-treated golf culotte and Scotchgarded Sandler of Boston shoes; Dick Morgan wearing a Reevair golf suit designed by Gene Littler for Day's Sportswear; and Mindy Meyer in Ulla's Zelan-finished golf kilt and silk-and-Helanca turtleneck. The cheerful twosome above are Guy Hedreen, also wearing a Gene Littler suit, and Bob O'Brien, laughing at the rain in Zero King's new Reevair suit with overslacks.

WHERE TO BUY

Page 54: Mr. Witt jacket ($9), Bloomingdale's, New York. Page 55: Ernst Engel parka ($25), Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Halle's, Cleveland; Best's Apparel, Seattle. Page 56: Bonnie Cashin shirt ($18) and skirt ($28), Bon Marche, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. McMullen culotte ($15), Lord & Taylor, New York; Sakowitz, Houston. Ulla kilt ($17) and sweater ($12), Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Halle's, Cleveland; Denver Dry Goods. Golf umbrella ($14), Lord & Taylor, New York. Day's golf suit (jacket $15, slacks $13), Harris & Frank, Los Angeles; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore. Page 57: Zero King jacket ($25) and slacks ($20), Lewis & Thomas Saltz, Washington, D.C.; Woolf Bros., Kansas City. Knox and Paul Stuart hats.

HOCKEY / *William Barry Furlong*

'A couple of hi-hos and here we go'

Chicago Black Hawk Stan Mikita, a Canadian by way of Czechoslovakia, fakes the opposition out of its skates and sets a new playoff record

STAN MIKITA SKATED BRILLIANTLY IN A LOSING CAUSE

His legs are a little bowed. His toes are cramped from wearing tight skates. By the standards of modern sport, he is—at 5 feet 9 and 170 pounds—approximately two-thirds of an athlete. But Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks was indubitably the superstar of this year's Stanley Cup playoffs, even though his team lost to Toronto, four games to two. As tough as a parboiled puck, Mikita set a new playoff point-scoring record of 21 (on six goals and 15 assists). More subtly and more significantly, Mikita was the playmaker or the scorer on the first goal play in seven of the Hawks' 12 playoff games—and in the 1962 playoffs, the team that scored first won 83% of the time. Says New York Goalie Gump Worsley: "Mikita, he'll always make the big plays that'll kill you."

At 21, Czech-born Center Mikita is a candid, durable bachelor who asks and gives no quarter. He didn't miss a game last year, though he played much of the season with two toes broken ("Once I took off my skates between periods and they were filled with blood") and for two and a half months with painful boils over his legs, back and groin. Not as burly as Montreal's big Center Jean Beliveau, not as fast as Montreal's little Center Henri Richard, Mikita brilliantly compensates with terror, wit and perception. "A lot of guys can skate well," says Glenn Hall, the goalkeeper of the Black Hawks, "but they can't think well while they're doing it." Mikita not only thinks well but well ahead. "He anticipates more than most other centers," says Coach Rudy Pilous of the Hawks. "He plans every move three jumps ahead, like a good pool player."

Sipping a Coke before a steak dinner one day last week, Mikita traced a simple celebration against the veteran Toronto Maple Leaf defensemen, Allan Stanley, now 36, and Tim Horton, 32. "I know that Stanley is a lot older than Horton," says Mikita, "and can't turn quite as fast while he's going backwards. So if I give him a burst of speed to one side and then switch over to his other side" —Mikita is expert at that celebrated calisthenic, the double shuffle—"I might get just a little break at going by him." His eyes, barely more than slits in the neat Slavic planes of his face, narrowed thoughtfully as he considered the problem of then beating Toronto Goalie Johnny Bower. "He'll throw his stick out at you more than Jacques Plante of the Canadiens," says Mikita. "So when I come in on him, I'm figuring to get him to throw his stick out on a fake. Maybe I'll lift my stick up and out to stop the puck. Then I slap my stick down to the ice and snap the puck past him." He recalled such a maneuver in the Hawks' first playoff game against the Maple Leafs. "It was a perfect play—until I shot," he said, shrugging helplessly. "He just didn't lift his stick when I thought he would."

Against Toronto, Mikita was the able centerpiece in a shift in Black Hawk strategy that came off as smoothly as velvet drawn over steel. In the Stanley Cup semifinal, the Montreal Canadien defensemen tended to play back close to the nets, opening up the ice in front of them for playmaking by the Hawks. So Mikita maneuvered with drop-pass plays near the blue line, sacrificing strict control of the puck in an effort to feint defensemen out of position by quick shifts that would open up a shot on goal. But in the Stanley Cup finals, Toronto's defensemen played out closer to the blue line, opening up the area behind them for maneuver and playmaking—if the Hawks could reach it. So Mikita abandoned the cute drop-pass technique in favor of more eruptive hockey: he would control the puck as long as he could, hoping that one of his wings could crash through the outer shell of the Toronto defense. The problem: "Toronto plays 'clutch, grab and hold' hockey," he says. "Montreal hits as hard as they do but

you can roll off the Montreal checks. You can't roll off those Toronto checks because they've got a grip on you all the time. It's the hardest thing in hockey—starting and stopping all the time. Takes a lot of steam out of a team."

Mikita executed this strategy around his own basic philosophy of a centerman's function. "I'm a great believer in this: the center should handle the puck going over the blue line. I'm the type that likes to carry it across the blue line and mess around with it until some other guy gets into position for a shot." His gift is that he can control the puck under the most inclement conditions, *i.e.*, one dense with the butt ends of hostile sticks. "He won't pass the puck if a man isn't clear," says Worsley. "He won't give the puck away to a guy that's half-covered just to get rid of it." And because he can shift effortlessly in either direction—not favoring, as do most centers, one side or the other—he can fake as naturally as blinking to split the defense wide open. "Stan will give you a couple of hi-hos-and-here-we-go and suddenly he's in on you with the puck," says Glenn Hall, who has to deal with him in Hawk practices. Mikita's best shot is the wrist shot. This season it helped him score 25 goals, which, with his 52 assists, give him a total of 77 points, for a third-place tie in the NHL, with Gordie Howe of Detroit. One reason for his deadliness with the wrist shot: he does as many as 40 pushups at a time—some 50 to 100 a day—to build his arms and wrists. "His forearms are so big," says Goalie Hall, "that his wristwatch would slide off the normal man's biceps." More than that, Mikita enjoys the simple exhilaration of combat.

"He isn't worried about getting cut up," says Hall. Worsley echoes. "He can take the rough stuff a little longer than most other centers. The more you hit him, the harder he comes back."

Mikita's fondness for a fight as well as a frolic seemed to retard him in his first two years in the NHL. He served 119 minutes in the penalty box in 1959-60, his freshman year in the big league, and another 100 minutes in his second year. The reason: he felt other players in the league were muscularly overwrought by the preposterous publicity the Black Hawks built around him. "They felt, 'Well, we'll have to straighten this guy out before he gets too far,' " says Mikita. "And I felt, 'I'm not going to last in this league if I let those guys come at me.' " So he traded butt end for butt end and spear for spear and picked up a lot of penalties for his pains. Eventually he earned such high respect throughout the league that not even the most frenetic publicity could tarnish it. And in the middle of the 1960-61 season he began controlling his temper. The first time he *really* tried, he *got* 10 goals in eight games—two more than he'd hit in his entire freshman season—and achieved a sudden appreciation of the rewards of restraint. This season he spent 97 minutes in the penalty box.

"Foreigner" except on the playing field

In a sense, Mikita's entire life has been a battle for respect. He was born Stanislaus Gvoth on May 20, 1940 in a Czechoslovakian village.

In 1948, three years after the war ended and with the Communists now in power, the Gvoths were visited at Christmastime by Stan's uncle and aunt—Joe and Anna Mikita, who had been living in Canada for 20 years. The talk turned to whether the Mikitas might take Stan home with them, and in one of those tortured personal decisions that often occur in the backwash of war, the Gvoths decided to send the child on to a new and, they hoped, better life. "I promised I wouldn't cry," says Stan. "But when we went to the station, I wrapped my arms around a pole and wouldn't let go. And when we got on the train, I plotted how I'd throw myself off it."

In St. Catharines, Ontario, Stan began to learn what it meant to be an "outsider." In school his classmates jeered endlessly because he was different. "The first word that I ever learned in English was 'foreigner,' " he says, "because that's all they ever called me."

The analgesic element was sport. When the soccer season began—"and that's what I'd been brought up on"—Stan scored five or 10 goals a game. "The hero of the school," he says dryly. The next autumn he took up hockey—and soon it became less a sport than an act of faith. He'd get up at 5 in the morning to practice for two hours before school, play for the school team after classes, play on Saturday afternoon, practice after the "grown-up" games on Saturday night until 2:30 or 3 o'clock in the morning, then be up at 8 o'clock to skip Sunday school and go out and practice some more. "I was always playing with boys who were older and bigger than I was," he says. At 9, he lied about his age to play in a league for 14-year-olds. At 13, he was signed for amateur hockey by Rudy Pilous, a resident of St. Catharines and then a farm system coach for the Black Hawks. (That committed the Hawks to paying for his schoolbooks. Now the Hawks like *to* claim that they "financed" his education.)

When he was 16 and playing with the St. Catharines Tee Pees, a Chicago farm team, Mikita was elected the most valuable player in the Ontario Hockey Association. But he gave no serious thought about hockey as a career until one of his teammates, Bobby Hull, was summoned up to the Hawks at 18. "Then I began thinking, 'Maybe with luck I'll make it at 22 or 23.' " When he was 19, he joined Hull as a member of the Black Hawks.

In the last two seasons, the Hawks have been using Mikita and his Scooter Line in quaint counterpoint to the muscle-busting vigor of the Bobby Hull-Bill Hay-Murray Balfour line. At 165 pounds, the Scooter Line is, on the average, 30 pounds lighter than the musele-busters. So when rival teams try to check the Hull-Hay-Balfour line with their burliest policemen, Pilous tends to counter with the faster-skating Scooter Line. Mikita plays the Scooter like Van Cliburn plays Tchaikovsky. He likes swift Right Wing Ken Wharram to use the ice behind him to get up speed to burst past the defense, "coming up behind me on the right as I cross the blue line." He likes to have Left Wing Ab McDonald abreast of him at the same moment. "He's got a couple of shifts other guys don't have," says Mikita. If Mikita can't split the defense with his fakery and stickhandling, then he'll frequently draw it to the left to give Wharram a chance to skim through on the right. He's always watching other lines for tricks and tactics. This season he came up with a fake shot followed up with a pass behind his back to McDonald—something he picked up by watching Gordie Howe of Detroit.

"I'm not bright enough to figure these things out for myself," he says, "so I have to copy what the others are doing." It was a self-demurrer that only the cerebrally secure can afford. **END**

Those fierce but cheerful little girls

Their hearts are young and gay—at least until they dive into the water at a national swimming meet

CHEEKS DAUBED TO CUT GLARE, ROBYN JOHNSON SOBERLY AWAITS NEXT EVENT

During the first day of the women's national swimming championships in Sacramento last week all the competitors and all the spectators were wet and cold, nagged by a persistent wind and rain. In the annual championships at each crack of the starter's gun some record usually falls, but at the end of the first blustery day only one American record had been broken. But none of the swimmers, and no one among the sodden crowd, and none of the worrying coaches or bickering officials was really miserable. If the AAU held the women's swimming championships in a gale on the back of an Alaskan glacier it would still be a very cheery show, because today it is completely an affair of youth.

As they go to the starting blocks, the competitors are little girls, many of them clutching toy mascots—funny frogs and fuzzy bears. When they fly off their marks at the gun, in skintight tank suits, they are quite a mature eyeful. As they drive through lap after lap, they become single-minded, relentless robots—young Amazons expending the energy of five ordinary men. Yet when they hit the finish wall in a watery storm, they instantly become girls again: some of the losers may cry and others may laugh off their losses quickly, and sometimes it's the winner who bursts into tears. Watching young girls who can show so many faces and forms of Eve in one afternoon, who could possibly be cheerless, even in the pouring rain?

On the second day of the meet the weather turned toward fair, but it barely mattered. It would have taken militia with bayonets to keep much of the crowd away from the Arden Hills swimming club, one of the new swimming centers that now flourish in northern California for the benefit of middle-income families whose children are drawn to the sport.

It was not necessary for the announcer to explain to the Arden Hills crowd what a medley race is, or any other technicality of the sport. The spectators who soaked on opening day (and subsequently sunned) knew almost all the answers. There were stop watches in almost every hand, and when Mary Stewart, a Canadian invader from Vancouver, broke the American record with 59.2 in the 100-yard butterfly (the best single show of the meet), it was the worst-kept secret at the timers' table.

After each event, as the place winners took the stand to collect their medals, a trio from Sacramento's El Camino High trumpeted wildly on horns, and following this each winner was permitted a free long distance phone call to her loved ones, courtesy of American Tel and Tel.

When butterfly winner Mary Stewart phoned back home to Vancouver she said: "Mother, Mother. My time was 59.2."

Mother answered: "Well, now, that's very good. Oh, by the way, did you win?"

When Roby Whipple won the 100-yard breaststroke, her parents and her friends and teammates from the winning Santa Clara club were on hand. But being 15 and thereby not one to pass up the chance to use a telephone, Roby reached all the way across the U.S to

her cousin, Virginia Green, in Westfield, N.J. The conversation:
Roby: This is Roby. I just won the national.
Cousin: National? National what?

OLYMPIAN DONNA DE VARONA GRINS AFTER VICTORY IN 200-YARD BACKSTROKE

After her first victory, an easy one in the 200-yard backstroke, Olympian Donna de Varona tried to phone her 1960 Olympic teammate, Lynn Burke, in Flushing, N.Y. but never connected. It was simply one—and by far the least important—of several connections that Donna did not, or almost did not, make. Entering this meet as the girl to beat, on opening day she paced herself badly in the 100-yard freestyle and did not qualify. She scratched from one of her two strong events, the 400-yard medley, so that swimmers of the Santa Clara club (which she will shortly join) would have a better chance in the scoring. However splendid the gesture, by making it Donna gave up a good opportunity for a tough fight that would have compelled her to swim all out right to the finish in record time to be sure of beating the actual winner, Sharon Finneran, a seasoned Floridian who this winter migrated to California for further seasoning.

On the second day, in her other specialty, the 200-yard medley, Donna almost missed again. As the transplanted Floridian, Sharon Finneran, closed fast on the last lap, Donna got to the wall first by a stroke, lowering her own American record to 2:18.9 to do it. On the final day Donna also won the 100-yard backstroke, and this time it was a matter of inches. For a reigning queen who will not be 15 until this week, a few misses and close calls, three titles and one new American record are not bad at all. For Donna the path ahead to the next Olympics is still unobstructed, but the water right behind her is getting very crowded.

While Donna was scrambling, Robyn Johnson, a tall, slim-hipped Virginian, who did not win a national title until she was 15 and can honestly be classed as a latecomer, swam away from all the freestylers with power to spare. By winning the 100-, the 250- and the 500-yard freestyle (in the last two events doing better than Olympian Chris von Saltza ever did) Robyn became the fastest American ever.

Fifteen-year-old Terri Stickles was the private pick of northern Californians to dominate the freestyle events (she has a 54.9 American-record 100 now up for approval), but Terri was beaten each time by Robyn's masterful finishes. Robyn is able to breathe on either side during a race. Terri turns her head only to the left. Going up pool, Terri could see Robyn but coming back she swam blind.

"I let her set all the pace," said Robyn. "In a race I like to swim close to the rope, next to the girl I want to beat."

In the 100, Mary Stewart of Vancouver set the early pace, was caught by Terri Stickles at 50 yards, and then all of a sudden Robyn, almost unnoticed in third spot, pounced on them both. She won by a full yard in 55.5.

In the 500 the next day Terri Stickles worked to a half-length lead and seemed about to move away. But in the final 100 Terri began to roll and then slice her right arm under the water, and Robyn went by her in beautiful form, setting a new American record, 5:27.2.

By the time the final freestyle, the 250, came around, the Arden Hills crowd was aware that Robyn could and probably would come from behind. In the 250 Terri set a quicker pace, but it was no good. Robyn was always right there, looking her in the eye. At the gun lap Robyn bolted forward, and the issue was settled. Her time of 2:34.6 was a second and a half better than Chris von Saltza's American mark.

"When I made the last turn I saw Stan [her coach]," Robyn said. "I thought of all the work we had done, and I decided to pour it on." And it was obvious that if pressed she would have been able to pour on even more. At this glorious point on her way to the Tokyo Olympics, for Robyn both the water ahead and behind seem to be clear of rivals. **END**

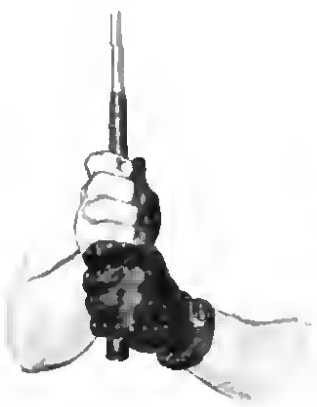
GOLF / *Jack Nicklaus*

The right grip for small hands

If you are one of the many golfers with small hands, try the interlocking grip. There is a good chance you will discover that it fuses your hands together and holds them on the club much more securely than the popular overlapping grip. My hands are small and the interlocking grip is the one I use today, but a few years ago, in an experimental mood, I fooled around with the overlap and the baseball grips. I played some 50 rounds using the overlap, but my hands always felt as if they were flying apart. This was particularly so just before impact. My trial with the baseball grip was even briefer. I was able to take a good, firm hold on the club, but my hands seemed to be working against each other in different directions. In each case I was unable to maintain proper control of my swing. I gave up my experiments and have stayed with the interlocking grip ever since. It gives my hands a wonderful feeling of unity throughout the swing, a unity that the other grips could not supply. If you have small hands, too, I think you will find that the interlocking grip will work as well for you as it does for me.

Drawings by Francis Golden

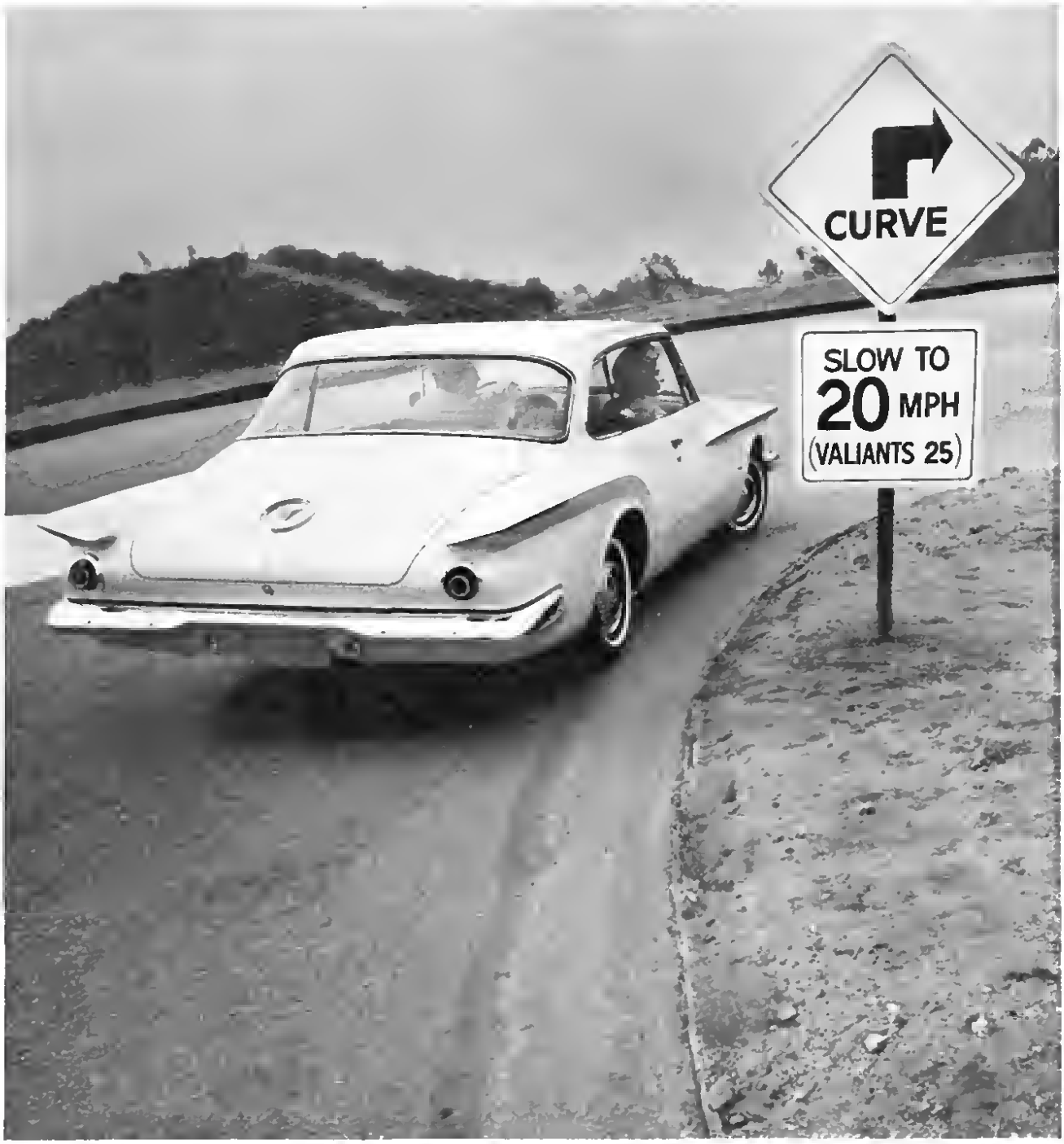
Using interlocking grip, Nicklaus lifts index finger of left hand off shaft, intertwines it with little finger of right. For small-handed Nicklaus, this has proved best method for controlling club.



In baseball grip (above), given a short trial by Nicklaus, all 10 fingers are placed directly on the club.

For overlap grip, Nicklaus places little finger of right hand over left between the index and middle fingers.

NOBODY BEATS VALIANT FOR VALUE



When it comes to taming turns, Valiant has cornered the market. Torsion-Aire suspension is the explanation. Uses torsion bars, instead of coil springs, to keep Valiant on the level. Valiant shines on straightaways, too. Makes hills say uncle. Reason for both: a 101-horsepower engine that hungers for the highway instead of for gas. Some more fascinating news: Valiant has lowered prices again—substantially. So visit a Plymouth-Valiant Dealer. See our Signet 200 that wears the Society of Illustrators' medal for styling excellence. We bet you join America's over 330,000 Valiant-happy owners before dawn.

Valiant

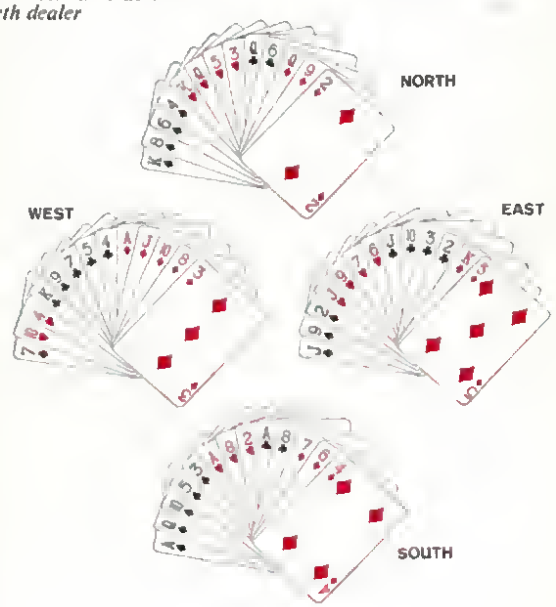
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A successful summing-up

You will find members of every profession in both the top ranks and the lower echelons of bridge players, but it is my distinct impression that the numerical superiority at all levels rests with the members of the bar. Since I am an ex-Philadelphia lawyer myself (LL.B., McGill University, 1922), I will not attempt to argue the question of whether this stems from a natural predilection for the game or is so because lawyers feel they can sharpen their argumentative abilities at a bridge table.

Recently I have found that a fondness for contract bridge, as well as adeptness at it, is by no means confined to counsel's side of the bench. Here is a hand played by Aron Steuer, a justice of New York State's Supreme Court. Judge Steuer rarely competes at a bridge club and never in a tournament, but many of those who play in his regular Monday night game are well-known tournament players who have learned to respect the judge's ability.

East-West vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH (Judge Steuer)	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 10 of hearts

Whether North should bid three or four spades over an opening spade call by partner is a debatable issue. North chose the lower bid, and the judge bid game anyway. He won the opening heart lead with dummy's king and drew trumps in three leads, noting West's discards of a club and a diamond. Next he cashed the ace of hearts and led a third heart to dummy's queen. He had hoped that dummy's fourth heart might set up to furnish him a club or a diamond discard, but West showed out on the third heart, discarding a second club. At this point, the judge considered what he had seen.

West almost surely didn't have the ace-king of diamonds, else he would have opened the diamond king. Therefore, the queen of diamonds could not be set up by dint of two leads up to dummy, nor could an end play in clubs be managed, since the opponent who did not hold the king could surely get in with a diamond and then lead clubs.

How, then, was South going to avoid losing three tricks in diamonds and one in clubs? Judge Steuer decided that the best chance was to find a favorable distribution. West had showed that he held only three cards in the major suits. This left him with 10 cards in the minors. He had not overcalled—as he might well have with a six-four distribution—and his first discards had been one card in each minor suit, not two from one suit as might have been made with a six-carder. Hence, declarer decided to play for West to hold five-five in the minors—leaving East with a doubleton honor in diamonds. This sound deduction let the judge make game.

He led dummy's fourth heart and trumped it. Then, he led the ace and another club and it didn't really matter which opponent held the king. Actually, West won the trick with the king and made his best return, the jack of diamonds. But declarer refused to cover with dummy's queen. When the jack won the trick, it made no difference what West did next. If he led a low diamond, East could make the king but would have to return a club, which would permit dummy to ruff while South discarded his last diamond. If West cashed the ace of diamonds instead of leading a low one, he would drop his partner's king, and dummy's queen would be high.

EXTRA TRICK

Examine all available information before making a difficult decision, and remember the most helpful hints often come from counting out the opponents' distribution. **END**

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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY/86 PROOF/SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

Birds should be stuffed with wild rice and roasted. It is the great illusion of our day, says this brave dissenter as he dares the fury of the world's ornithophiles, that they are good for anything else

HERE COME OUR FEATHERED ENEMIES!

by RAYMOND TINSLEY

Drawings by Ed Sorel

We have been betrayed. Two generations of propagandists have worked overtime to convince us that while the great beasts of the jungle and even the lowly rabbit in Australia are man's enemies, the birds are our "feathered friends." They are nothing of the sort. They are disturbers of the peace and desecrators of shrines, carriers of disease and competitors for food. Now they have become killers, by flocking around airports and causing fatal accidents. So alongside the comic aspects of our self-deception about birds we now have the tragic.

When I was a boy, man's relations with birds were relatively few and simple. Both my grandmothers kept canaries. Each was a trim, well-groomed little songster in a yellow coat, and he knew his place—in a cage. Each had been well trained, allegedly in the Harz Mountains, to sing for his supper. He did that about 11 months in the year and we gave him the other month off to renew his feathers. (Apparently canaries, like coloraturas, cannot hit their high notes while they are changing.)

There were some other things around that grew feathers, but we didn't really think of them as birds. The barnyard chickens laid eggs irregularly, but often enough for Mother to build a fine yellow cake. There were ducks, which were supposed to lay eggs as well as supply meat. Most of the time they either laid no eggs or hid them off in the rushes somewhere, so their only useful purpose was to wind up stuffed with rice, chestnuts and seasonings. We simply didn't think of these things as birds.

On our rare visits to the city we saw a few pigeons in the parks, around statues of Columbus and La Salle. There weren't too many of them. The other feathered creatures in the city were recent immigrants with no rights in our America: starlings (then just coming in from the East) and English sparrows. There were plenty of sparrows because there were still horses, and the sparrows used to go around picking up after the horses. The starlings were so few that nobody paid them any attention.

The only other birds that meant anything to us were honest-to-goodness game birds. We had upland game birds like partridge, and later the state game commission introduced ring-necked pheasants. This was a good thing because our bobwhite quail had begun to get scarce. We also had waterfowl: plenty of greenhead mallards and a few blacks, blue-winged teal and sprig, and on the bigger lakes there were broadbill and cannies. When the big honkers came down, we always got a couple for Mother for Thanksgiving.

As far as we were concerned, that was the bird world. Swallows and robins and gulls and herons were just part of the landscape. Nothing to get excited about, and nobody that we knew ever did get excited about them. All that first-robin nonsense in the spring was strictly from newspapermen's hunger.

It's different now. Every city big enough to have a parking problem has a society for the preservation and propagation of rare, threatened and vanishing birds. In exurbia you don't rate unless you have your backyard decorated with elaborate feeders to dispense expensive sunflower seed, and suet cakes (ugh!) dangling from the trees.

If you admit that you like to take to the hills in mid-October and shoot yourself a grouse, you are shunned on the 8:44 as though you had leprosy, and it's the same if you go duck hunting. Do you want to drain a marsh or fill a swamp or cut down a tangle of catbrier and poison ivy on your property? Watch out. A flock of elderly females, with all the charm of the vultures they are lobbying for, will swoop in to deny your right to improve your own place.

No matter where you go, you can't get away from the bird lovers and their opposition to practically anything

continued

that civilized man wants to do for his own comfort, or even that he needs to do to insure his own survival.

If you live in the city you have to fight off the pigeons, which have had a population explosion greater than any in Asia. They think that houses with decorative stonework and old-fashioned windows that open and wide sills were built for them. They will splatter the place with unsightly, evil-smelling fertilizer. They will try to nest in a cranny just outside your bedroom window, and wake you up at dawn with a combination of booming and moaning noises that bird lovers mistakenly call cooing. Feathers and bits of their calling cards will drift into your window.

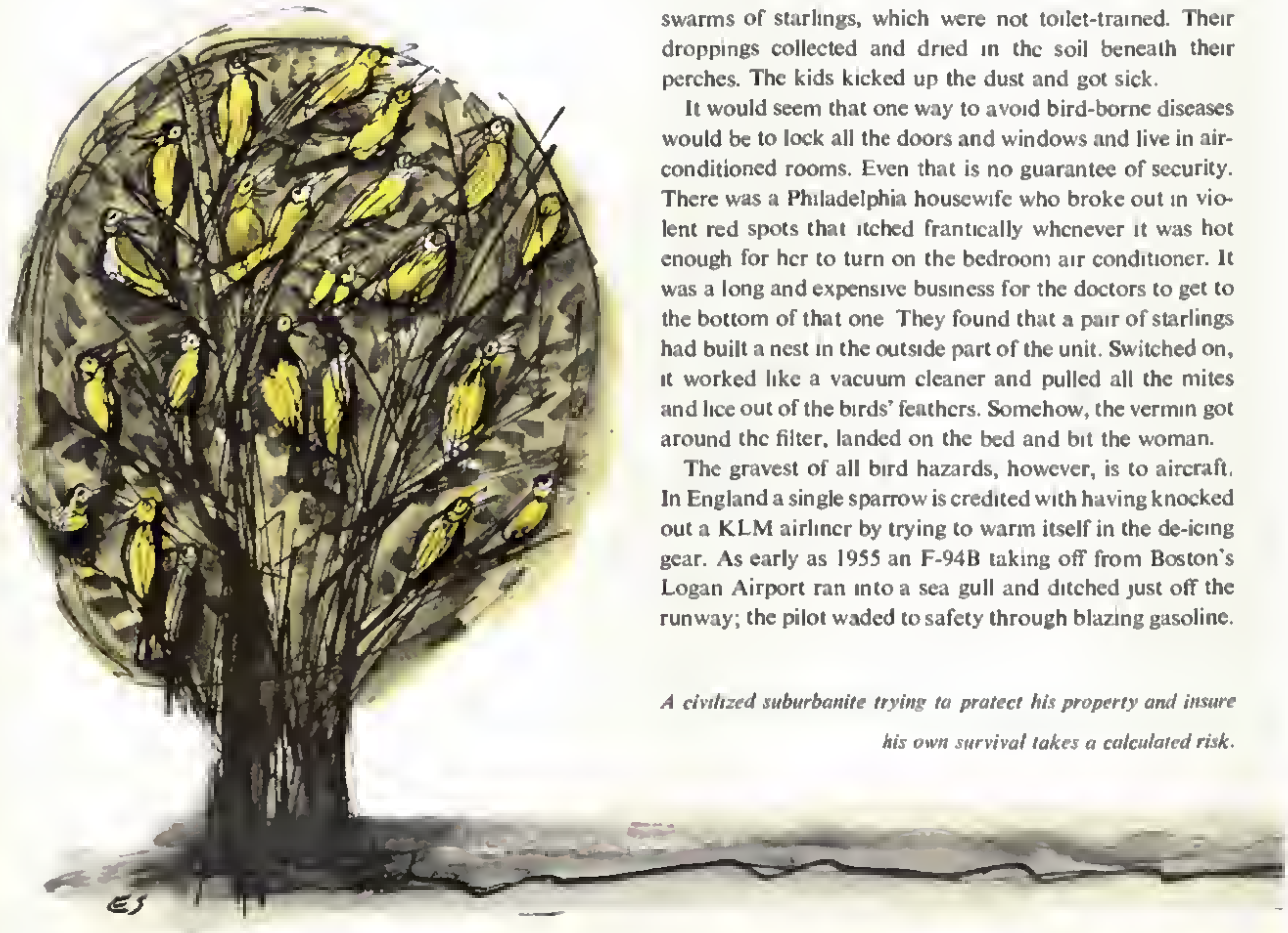
This can be serious. Medical scientists have proved that the pigeons of Paris are loaded with the virus of psittacosis —parrot fever. American pigeons also carry this virus. The details are unpleasant but it is as well to know them: human victims get the disease from inhaling the virus-laden dust of the birds' dried droppings. Thanks to antibiotics, psittacosis is not quite as fearful a disease as it was at the time of the parrot scare 30 years ago, but it is still a severe illness and may cause a fatal pneumonia. Several species of honest-to-goodness wild birds are also suspected of carrying the psittacosis virus, but these usually keep a mutually healthy distance between themselves and man. So they should be no great threat to people who have as much intelligence as the birds and are content to stay away from them. The bird nuts who, nevertheless, insist on snuggling up close may do so at their own peril.

But the pigeons have another germ-warfare weapon. Every year a few hundred Americans get a mysterious meningitis from a fungus with the menacing name of cryptococcus. It used to be incurable and eventually fatal in every case, and even when the doctors found the guilty fungus (too late, after the victim's death) they had no idea where it came from or how to keep other people from being infected. Manhattan researchers have now shown that in big cities the commonest breeding ground of the fatal fungus is in pigeon droppings. The people who keep pigeons and clean their coops are the likeliest victims, but so many pigeons have gone wild and are using both public and private buildings as latrines that nobody is completely safe.

Another fungus disease that is now more prevalent than ever before is histoplasmosis, which affects the lungs and may be mistaken for TB. The townspeople of Milan, Mich. recently made a difficult decision and chopped down scores of fine maples and elms that had shaded the parking lot and a playground at the junior high school. It had taken some fancy disease-detective work to figure out why so many Milan kids were getting histoplasmosis. Most of the victims had used that playground. And the trees had been used by swarms of starlings, which were not toilet-trained. Their droppings collected and dried in the soil beneath their perches. The kids kicked up the dust and got sick.

It would seem that one way to avoid bird-borne diseases would be to lock all the doors and windows and live in air-conditioned rooms. Even that is no guarantee of security. There was a Philadelphia housewife who broke out in violent red spots that itched frantically whenever it was hot enough for her to turn on the bedroom air conditioner. It was a long and expensive business for the doctors to get to the bottom of that one. They found that a pair of starlings had built a nest in the outside part of the unit. Switched on, it worked like a vacuum cleaner and pulled all the mites and lice out of the birds' feathers. Somehow, the vermin got around the filter, landed on the bed and bit the woman.

The gravest of all bird hazards, however, is to aircraft. In England a single sparrow is credited with having knocked out a KLM airliner by trying to warm itself in the de-icing gear. As early as 1955 an F-94B taking off from Boston's Logan Airport ran into a sea gull and ditched just off the runway; the pilot waded to safety through blazing gasoline.



A civilized suburbanite trying to protect his property and insure his own survival takes a calculated risk.

An Air Force study disclosed that in five years 401 collisions between birds and aircraft had been reported, with one fatality (an F-84 pilot) and four people injured. As for means of avoiding such accidents, the Air Force report had a line for "Recommendations," on which appeared the bleak entry: "None." Migrating geese were blamed for the 1958 crash, in Idaho, of an Air Force transport in which 19 men were killed.

It remained for Logan Airport to emphasize fully the lethality of birds. Built on filled marshland and projecting into the harbor, the airport was a natural hangout for sea gulls in their off hours. The Notams (Notices to Airmen) warned about Logan: "Caution sea gulls on and adjt to lndg areas." The gulls caused a few takeoffs to be aborted but did no fatal damage. But late in 1960 an Eastern Air Lines Electra, under full power to gain altitude, had just left Logan when it spun into the bay and killed 62 of its occupants. A murmuration of starlings estimated to number up to 50,000 (not an unlikely figure, the way these birds flock together before going to roost) had flown into its path. Remains of starlings were found in all four engine nacelles, and a hundred or more dead birds were on the runway.

Massachusetts' State Airport Management Board had been worrying about Logan's bird hazards since the F-94B incident, but to no avail. This time the Electra slaughter was quickly followed by more collisions, though none proved fatal, and the airport authorities got busy. In advance of each takeoff they sent a jeep roaring down the runway to flush any flocks of birds that might be resting on the concrete. The jeeps carried men armed with shotguns, to scare off anything on the adjacent grassy areas. Similarly armed men on foot patrolled the outer reaches between the radial runways. For a while, at least, all this effort worked. But the season of flocking birds and greatest danger returns every year. And it really should not be necessary to turn an airport into a shooting gallery to make it safe for planes and men.

The Logan deaths also prompted the FAA to distribute a 10-page booklet, *Bird Hazard to Aircraft*, compiled by the Fish and Wildlife Service. This advised airports to arrange for shutting down garbage dumps and sewers in their neighborhoods, because these attract such seavengers as gulls; cutting out reeds such as the imported pest Phragmites and other growths that are attractive as roosting sites to starlings and blackbirds; eliminating seed- or berry-bearing shrubs and weeds; and draining ponds that attract birds for drinking and bathing. If every airport did all of this, the costs of construction and maintenance would rise faster than a falcon.

One trouble with bird hazards is that you can't get away from them. The Navy put an airfield on Midway Island, which should be far enough away to be safe, but the birds achieved intercontinental-missile range long before man did. Midway is the favored haunt of two kinds of lumbering albatrosses, commonly and appropriately known as gooneys. The long-ago whaling sailors who christened them with this synonym for dimwit showed a keener awareness of reality than many of their bird-doting descendants. A gooney will fly blithely into the paths of aircraft, and other gooneys will learn nothing from his experience. The Navy has had the jitters for years over the possibility of major, fatal accidents and spent a lot of taxpayers' money on a propaganda film to prove that the gooneys started it—just in case the Navy should be reduced to shooting warfare against them.

Nobody knows how many gooneys have been killed in collisions, which average 10 a week, and it is a wonder that no men have been. At first the trouble was believed to be that the Navy had moved too close to a gooney nesting area and that if the birds could be induced to set up housekeeping elsewhere all would be well. The Navy spent a lot more money bulldozing nesting sites and landing strips, no less, for gooneys on Kure, or Ocean, Island, 50 miles from Midway, in the hope of luring the gooneys away with this free subdevelopment. The Navy has also tried physically transplanting the gooneys to other islands (they came back), removing their eggs (there were more where these came from), scaring them off with smoke bombs, sulphur flares, mortar and bazooka fire, assorted noise machines and old-fashioned scarecrows. Nothing worked. So the Navy tried "concussion control," a euphemism for banging the gooneys on the head with a baseball bat. In time this might have worked, but it would have taken years, and there were too many gooneys and they had too many friends among the bird nuts. So the Navy is reduced to leveling the dunes (which attract the gooneys by providing updrafts for soaring) and to hoping for the best.

Birds don't have to be as big as gooneys to be both a nuisance and a danger on airfield islands. Ascension, as remote a rock as you can find in the Atlantic, is infested with sooty terns, alias wide-awakes, and for a while they drove the British crazy by flocking in front of aircraft. They finally were persuaded to vacate the airfield area after their first nests of

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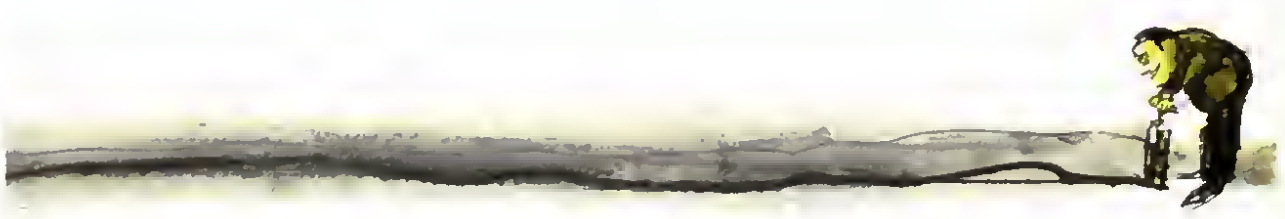

If you admit that you occasionally enjoy going to the hills to shoot a grouse, you are shunned on the 8:44 as if you had psittacosis

the season were systematically destroyed by people lovers. On other distant islands, with and without airstrips, the night is made hideous by the calls of shearwaters, little cousins of the albatrosses known as moaning birds.

But the striking thing about bird nuisances is that they increase in number and intensity as one gets closer to civilization. You have only yourself to blame if, when Madison Avenue or La Salle Street or Wilshire Boulevard gets too much for you, you decide on a couple of weeks of "peace and quiet" in a cabin on a mountain lake. The first evening you will be kept awake by the maddening monotony of the whippoorwill, or farther south his kissin' kin, the chuck-will's-widow. You may try to put yourself to sleep by counting the repeats, like counting sheep, but will soon lose count and lose patience and get up to throw a rock. The bird will then set up its barrage on the other flank. If it ever gets tired, there will be the maniacal laughter of lovesick loons, which echoes back and forth across the lake, the echoes banging together with infuriating force right in the middle of your head. In the morning you will be awakened (assuming that you ever got to sleep) by some Woody Woodpecker drumming a tattoo on a corrugated iron roof. And when you go out to fish you will find that the rowboat and outboard have been used as a latrine by gulls. A kingfisher will skitter past, rattling with derision because he has just eaten the last of the minnows that you had intended to use for bait. And when the outboard gas runs out, and you're rowing home tired and skunked, you see two or three kinds of herons along the shore, jabbing their dagger bills in the water and swallowing the fish that they can catch and you can't. If you are far enough north or west, you will be exposed to the gray jay, accurately known as the camp robber. It will steal anything that is not nailed down and spoil your hunting trophies. Magpies were noted as equally larcenous by Lewis and Clark. Still, this is life in the wilderness, and you have to take it as it is—if you can take it at all.

So next time you decide not to go so far. Just a day trip to Long Island or Marin County or Padre Island. Again the boat has to be cleaned up because of the gulls' untidy habits. When you get back, maybe with some deep-sea fish for which the birds can't compete, you find that your car has been soiled. If this is all, you're lucky. Because gulls have a nasty habit of picking up clams on the beach and then remembering that they left their oyster knives at home. So they fly up a couple of hundred feet and drop the clams onto some hard surface that will shatter the shells. With no hard pavement around, what could be handier than the hard top of your car? After you've cleaned off the bits of shell and the dried smear of clam juice, you find the top dented, the finish scratched and the insurance company unsympathetic.

Still worse is the plight of the man who builds the first hard-roofed house in the area. Gulls may be stupid, but they soon learn to use it as a bombing range. A couple of years ago the pioneer owner of such a house on Long Island complained that the gulls kept up the assault from early morning to late evening. They terrified his children, who could not take their afternoon naps. But the law, naturally, was on the side of the gulls. The householder, it said firmly, could do nothing about it.

In the suburbs, with no loons and scarcely an owl anymore, things should be better. But as soon as it's warm enough to leave the windows open more than a crack, those first robins will wake you up at dawn with their bellowing, which is as unmusical as any sound can be at that godless hour. These same robins make a disgusting sight when they pull up a worm (which would have helped aerate your lawn) by stretching it to the breaking point. In the summer they gobble all your first cherries. Then they switch to a diet of mulberries and pokeberries, so that instead of leaving white spots on your car, they deface it with great purple splotches. One good thing about robins is that occasionally one gets so

continued

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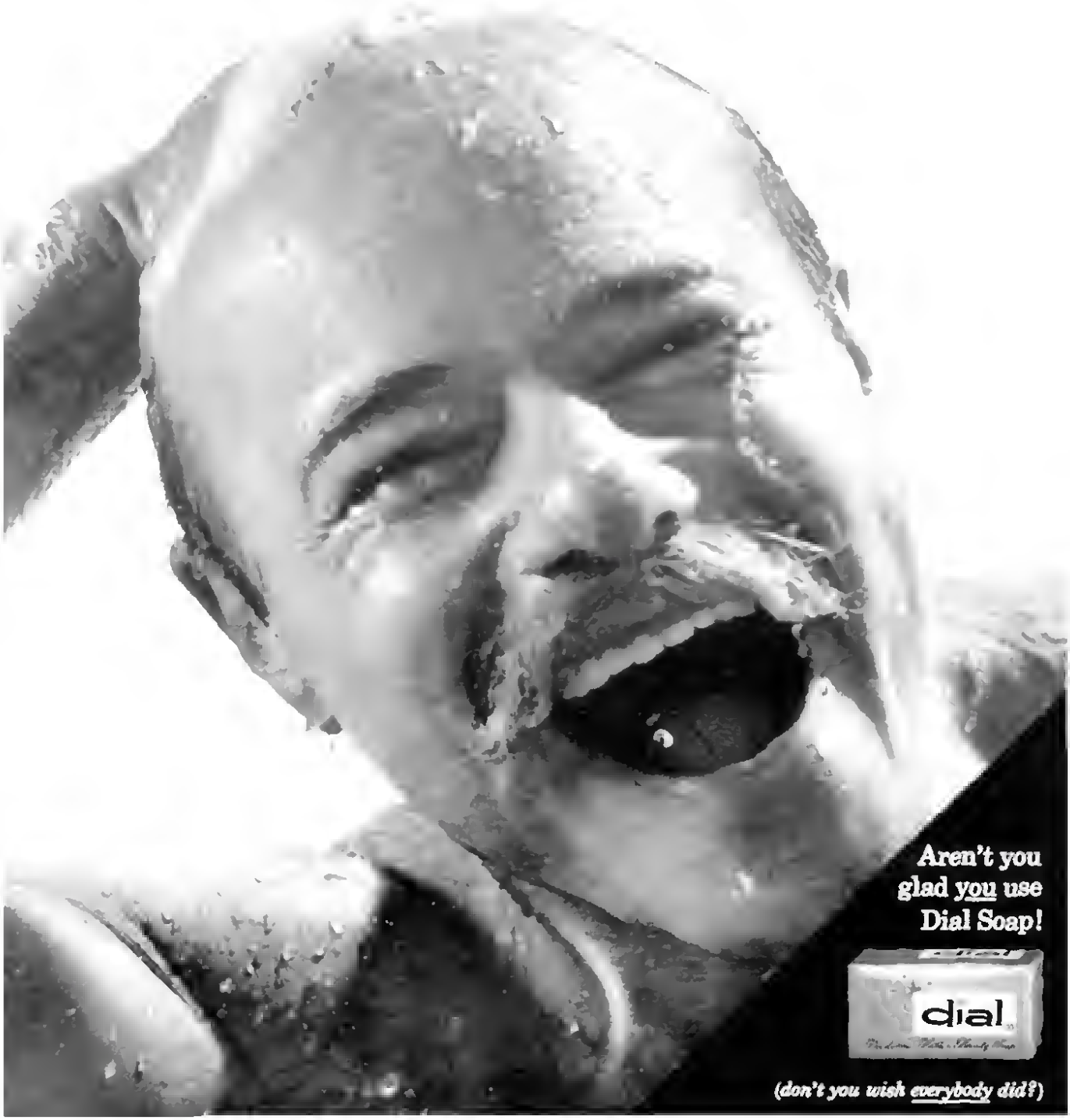

jealous of its reflection in a window that it commits suicide, fighting itself in the glass. It should happen to more of them.

And you thought that the passing of the horse had had one good result in the passing of the English sparrow? Wait until you decide to reseed a patch of lawn. The sparrows will pass the word with their irritating chirps and swoop down to peck out the grass seed, which cost you up to $3.50 a pound. They soon learn to ignore the fluttering plastic ribbons that you string out. These sparrows are not protected, and in theory you could shoot them. But in most suburbs it is against the law to discharge a firearm. There they have you.

But in the suburbs the starling edges out both the sparrow and the pigeon as the worst bird pest. It is a speckled blackguard that drives out more attractive native Americans like the bluebird. Its nests are often as ramshackle as those of the English sparrow and are built on or close to houses. The starling has no song but utters a maddening variety of raspy squeaks and off-key whistles. In the nest its young shrill from dawn to dark to be fed. Starlings are supposed to do some good by eating Japanese beetles. Most of them live so high on the things they filch from your garden that they have no interest in beetles.

It is in late summer, fall and winter that starlings are at their worst. Young and old flock together in the evening and converge on a communal dormitory. While there are still leaves on the trees, this may be in the upper branches of tall shade trees. In their tens of thousands the birds set up an unendurable racket, and there are enough insomniacs in every flock to keep up the din all through the night, with disastrous effects on human sleep. After the leaves fall the starlings move to other roosts: some in the reeds of marshes close to airports, where 500,000 may concentrate in a black and deadly cloud, some on the ledges of big buildings in towns and cities.

Elderly females display the charm of vultures for whom they lobby

The tree and building roosts have pitted man, with all his technological ingenuity, against the starling. Gunfire and clashing cymbals, recorded screams of birds of prey and of starlings in distress will work as long as the noise is kept up. But it is worse for the people than for the birds. And as soon as the noise stops, the birds settle down cozily. Dummy owls, snakes and cats with mirrors attached will give the starlings pause for only an evening or two. Then they perch on the "predators." Some buildings have been made ugly with wire screening, metal skids and gluey substances to discourage roosting. The birds simply find another ledge, usually on the next building. An electric hotfoot will keep starlings away, but the job of installing the wires on every accessible ledge is prohibitively expensive, and maintenance is quite an item. Ultraviolet light and ultrasound have been tried and have flopped. Chemical and biological warfare against starlings has been studied, but it would probably operate with nearly equal effect against every living thing in the places that starlings frequent. Including men and dogs. So far, at least, the starlings have the last squeaky, sibilant word.

Most of the elaborate and costly devices that have been tried against city starlings would also work against city pigeons—if they worked at all. But if the pigeons are evicted from one building they can always find another. Even for birds they are unusually sloppy housekeepers. Their eggs and young roll off their rudimentary nests and plop on pedestrians' heads and clothing or get squashed by cars. Even the old birds are so stupid that they can't keep out of the way of traffic.

For all their dirt and diseases, the pigeons have a legion of friends. City parks and squares are full of old ladies of both sexes who feed them every day, and some look as though they went short of food themselves to buy corn for the birds. Let any city administration propose to abate the nuisance and the unsightly filth on its statues, monuments and public buildings by reducing the pigeon population, however humanely, and a great cry of outrage goes up from the pigeon lovers. And they have votes. So we're stuck with the pigeons.

Robert Ruark is a brave man who has faced wounded water buffaloes and rogue elephants, but the bravest thing he ever did was to write a column denouncing the city pigeon as a ne'er-do-well panhandler with a surly red eye and loutish manners. The starling and the sea gull and the buzzard are as bad. So, in its own way, is the darling little wren that nests in your mailbox. Or the blue jay, which is no better than a small crow in fancy dress. Or the swallows that start a nest in your garage the first spring day you leave the door open—and get the kids brokenhearted and down on you when you shut the twittering rascals out. If you didn't act firmly at once, you'd have to leave the garage open all summer, and the car outside.

I am convinced that aside from what you can eat, the only good bird is the bald eagle on the back of a dollar bill. And even that won't get you as far as it used to. **END**

A Way with Tigers

Uniquely skilled in a hazardous profession, Willie Caesar is the man behind the man with the gun

by GRANCEL FITZ

William Caesar is a solidly built Eurasian 6-footer, with a head like a bust of a Roman senator. Known as Willie to all his friends in India, he is a veteran professional hunter in the employ of the Nawab Zaheer Yar Jung, an eminent Moslem prince. As head shikari, he arranges tiger shoots for the nawab and his guests.

"How many tigers have you shot?" I asked him when we first met, one morning in the city of Hyderabad. With the nawab's son and heir apparent, the Nawabzada Fazluddin Khan, I was going out to the Singaram forest block. A very large and famous tiger had ranged there for some time.

"Oh, very few, sir," Willie told me in his precise English. "Less than a score, I should say. Most of those were man-eaters or declared cattle-lifters. But I've finished off many *wounded* tigers."

It was a revealing answer. A wounded tiger takes refuge in the thickest kind of jungle. Following him on foot into the cover that he chooses is a dangerous task, and in India the reigning princes pass this up for the same reason that generals do not lead bayonet charges. Under the code of sportsmen, the game belongs to the hunter who draws first blood. It was Willie's job, as the professional specialist, to go after the wounded tigers, but since these had been hit first by someone else, as Willie saw it they didn't count.

We moved into the camp that the young prince's staff had made ready and were fortunate enough to locate the big tiger on the very first day. With the help of a small army of native beaters he was driven from the cover. He came out fast, on a line that I didn't anticipate. As I

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WILLIE CAESAR APPROACHES A DOWNED TIGER WHILE HIS BEATERS STAND BY

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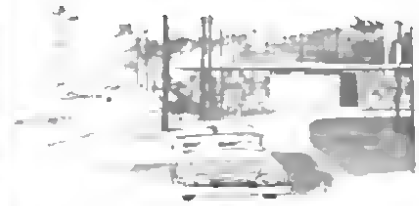

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squeezed the trigger on a shot that was hurried but not difficult, my swinging forearm bumped the rail of the machan, or shooting platform. I thought I had missed completely. The tiger raced past, a dozen feet to our right, and vanished into extremely dense jungle across a dry and narrow stream bed just behind us.

A few minutes later the prince and I found some drops of blood where the

BEATERS GET INSTRUCTIONS FROM

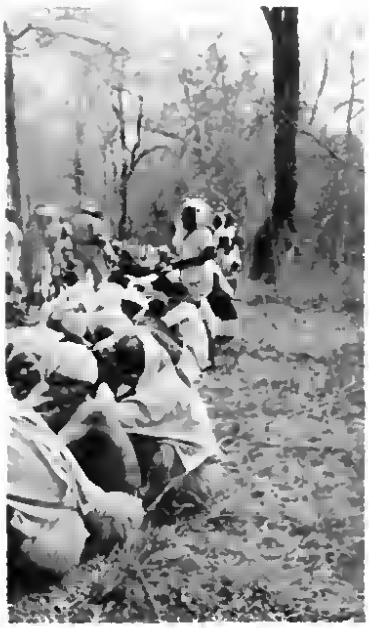
tiger had been when I fired. Willie soon joined us. "I'll not attempt to recover your tiger this evening, sir," he said. "In the morning I shall have a herd of buffaloes driven into the cover beyond the nullah [a dry watercourse]. They will let me know where the tiger is lying up. It will not be necessary for you to be there, sir."

"I want to be there," I told him.

"If you insist, sir," he said. "But I hope you understand the risk. There is something very noble about a tiger. I have never known a wounded one to charge without giving fair warning. At first he makes a purring sound, something like a distant airplane motor. After that he begins to growl. Then he roars and comes very fast. So when I hear the purring I hasten to the center of the most open space near by, and there I stand my ground. I wait until the tiger is within 10 yards, and then I shoot him down.

If you are charged in the morning, sir, I'd suggest that you do the same."

We were back for the follow-up at sunrise. Some natives had already brought the herd of domestic water buffaloes. Willie said: "When the buffaloes first scent the tiger they grow excited. They mill about, but they must be driven in until the tiger lets us know just where he is. Then the buffaloes often stampede



WILLIE AT THE START OF A DRIVE

quite wildly. If that happens, sir, you must climb a tree, or get behind one where they cannot see you. The buffaloes can be even more dangerous than the tiger."

Keeping abreast, two or three paces apart, we followed the buffaloes into the heavy jungle. The tiger had never paused to lie down. In less than an hour we trailed him completely through the jungle strip and out into open grassland. He had been barely scratched, the bleeding had soon stopped, and he had left for parts unknown. But that bit of futile tracking had given me a closeup of Willie's superb jungle craft and the dangerous way he makes his living.

In the next couple of weeks I learned more about Willie. He had lost his European mother when he was very young. His father, a doctor connected with a research project, had been assigned to a remote village in a region swarming with

continued

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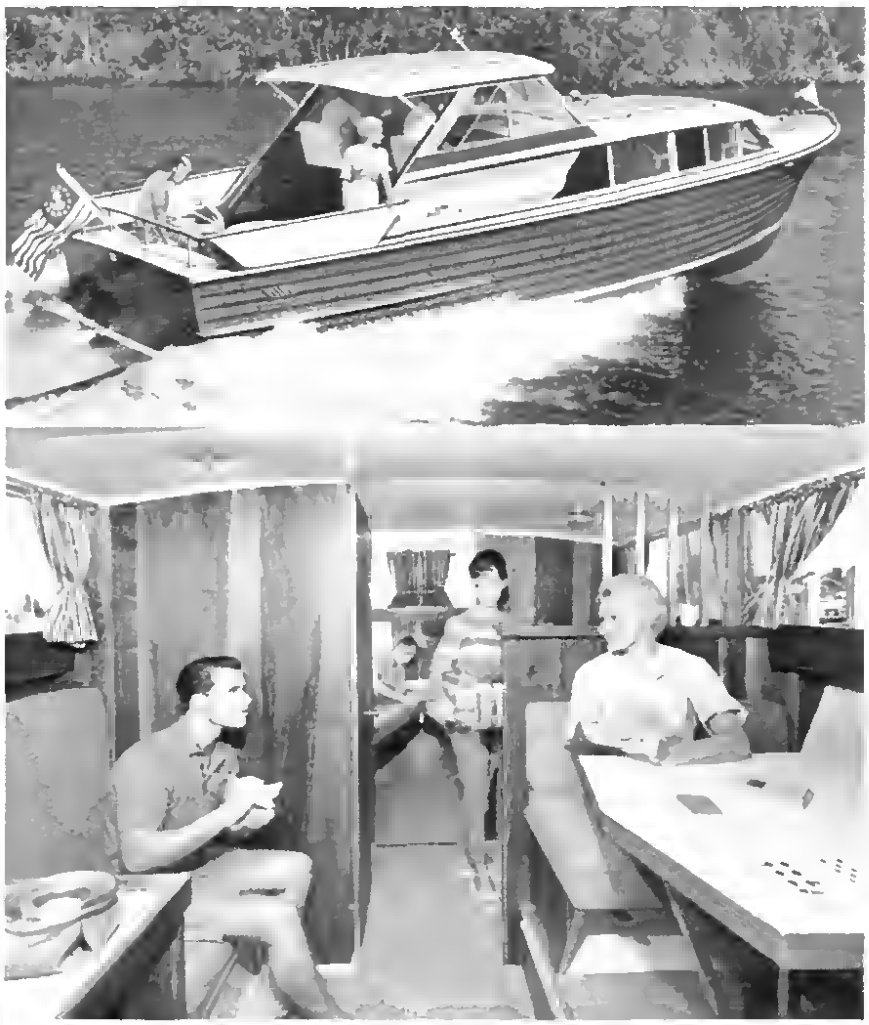

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Chris-Craft—SEA SKIFF

game and Willie practically grew up in the surrounding jungle He had shot his first tiger, with his father beside him, when he was 11 years old He came to know the jungle so well that he turned to it as a refuge when his father died in Willie's early manhood

For weeks at a time he roamed, living off the country. He hunted crocodiles and sometimes samhar deer for their hides The sale of these, after about four months of hunting each year, brought him enough money to meet all his needs.

"It was a good life," Willie said. "I was my own man But I saw no security for the future in it When His Highness learned about me and offered a steady position, I decided to settle down." It seemed a quaint phrase to use about a career of chasing tigers.

Shot while eating

Throughout India as a whole, visiting sportsmen get the great majority of their tigers over baits, usually after dark. In carefully chosen places, a number of buffalo calves or small bullocks are tethered with ropes or chains that will not break When a tiger kills one, he often returns for another meal from it on the following night, and then the hunter is watching from a machan in the branches of a nearby tree. The machan, by the way, is commonly a small native bed hung upside down. At the right instant, a flashlight is switched on and the tiger is shot while he is busily feeding

Another widely used method is "beating," in which as many as 200 natives may be employed to drive the tiger from the jungle in front of the guns. In some places the potentate and his distinguished guests shoot through the ports of concrete shelters; the tiger couldn't get at them without using dynamite In other areas the shooting parties are almost equally safe in huge special machans rigged at towering heights. In Hyderabad, however, the princes don t worry about safety. Their machans are placed just high enough to let the hunter see into the cover, and avoid shooting into the beaters Any tiger could spring into one as easily as a tomcat jumps on a table, so this makes it sporting enough.

Many Hyderabad tiger jungles are comparatively small patches of woodland, entirely surrounded by cultivated fields. The bullocks that are tied out for baits when a beat is in prospect are not tethered with heavy ropes. Unlike the

kind used when a kill is to be watched at night, the rope is just strong enough to hold the bullock while it is alive and is easily broken by the tiger after he kills it.

"We want him to drag the bait off," Willie said. "When we have clear marks to show which way he has taken it, there is seldom much risk of disturbing him before we are ready. We know the kind of cover he will pick out, and the farmers and herdsmen can tell us where he will be lying up."

The baits are inspected early in the morning. After a kill has been reported and the tiger's position determined—he can be counted on to stay there until nightfall if he is not alarmed—the planning of the beat begins. The tree selected for the machan is usually at the edge of one of the narrow roads used by the bullock carts that travel through the jungle. It must also be where the tiger would be tempted into crossing the road to reach some dense cover, and this tree should offer a good view of him before he comes out that far.

It is a basic principle that the tiger must always think he can slip away into an unguarded area. Unless he sees an easy way out, he may decide that the beaters have encircled him, and then he may kill some of them in trying to escape. So the beats are organized in a sort of horseshoe pattern, with the machan in the middle of the open end.

The sides of the horseshoe are manned by lines of men known as stops, who are stationed in the tree branches. These lines diverge as they stretch back from the road to the actual beating line. This, the closed part of the horseshoe, is, of course, well beyond where the tiger is taking his nap, though the best results can be expected when the beaters take their starting positions not much more than 200 yards from the machan.

Every effort is made to keep from arousing the tiger until the stops and beaters have moved into their places. After the starting signal is given the beating line advances very slowly at first. The shouting and tom-tom thumping is restrained. The tiger, with no thought that he is being attacked, is given plenty of time to size things up. Since he customarily travels along game trails, footpaths or nullahs, when he is awakened he picks out one that leads away from all of the commotion. He finds the way blocked.

All nullahs have been spanned by buntings—made by tying colored turbans together in long strings—and these are constantly waved by men who hold the ends. Seeing the bunting, the tiger turns back to look for an unguarded exit. Since the tiger's whole idea is to get away without being noticed, a good beat is really a slow process of elimination in which one natural exit after another is closed until the tiger walks out along the route that brings him to the desired spot in front of the machan.

Willie described one other method. The stalking of a tiger on foot is in a class by itself, from every sporting standpoint. In the heavy cover where they lie up for most of the day, tigers are hard to see. The hunter must be moving when the tiger is not. So this supreme challenge is only for an expert. Willie discouraged me about our chances for a stalk, but he told me of an adventure a few months earlier.

A big tigress had become so bold and threatening that some back-country natives feared for their lives. Willie and the young prince had gone to look things

continued

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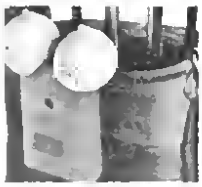

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A Way with Tigers continued

over. They found her fresh kill—a sambar doe—near the edge of an open nullah. It was soon after the rainy season ended, although the jungle was quiet underfoot, the foliage was very dense. The place was unsuitable for a beat and it offered no promising location for a blind or a machan.

"I knew the tigress was lying up close by, sir," Willie said. "The prince had never stalked a tiger and he was very keen to try."

They went into the jungle and circled out again to the nullah. They found tracks showing that she had heard them and gone into cover farther up the stream bed. Willie wanted to make sure that she had not moved back downstream while they were at the upper end. To check on this, they started down the nullah in the soft sand. This brought them in sight of where the kill had been. It was gone. A moment later they followed the drag marks to where the tigress had just left it. Her tracks led into the thickets on the bank.

It wasn't an airplane

"We moved quite slowly when we began another circle," Willie told me, "and we hadn't gone more than 40 paces when I heard the sort of purring I've mentioned to you. His young Highness paid it little heed; he didn't connect it with the tigress. I said, 'That isn't an airplane, sir. You are about to be charged. Hurry out into the open.' The loud growling started before we reached the nullah. As soon as we were in the clear I saw some tall grass move about 25 yards away. The tigress roared and burst out.

"She came like a flash, sir, straight for the prince. I had planned, if she did that, to throw my hat in front of her—they will sometimes stop to worry the hat, you know. But there wasn't time, and no time for me to shoot, either. It was all over in a second. Just the same it seemed an age, for I knew that I was responsible. The young nawab didn't shoot until she was 8 feet away. The bullet from his .450-400 double rifle hit her brain. It stopped her as if she'd crashed into a wall."

Willie shook his head abruptly before he finished. "I'll tell you, sir. I don't mind a bit of excitement, but that was too much. I seldom take a drink, but that day I needed two stiff pegs before I began to feel like Willie again. Medicinal, you might say." **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—BOSTON captured its fourth straight NBA championship, a record for the league, by beating Los Angeles in the last two playoff games, 119–105 and 110–107 (*see page 16*). Center Bill Russell's defense led the way and durable Sam Jones boosted the injury-slowed Celtic team in both games, scoring five baskets in six crucial minutes to help Boston even the series and making five of the 10 points in the overtime of the last game.

BOATING—ESCAPADE, Baldwin M. Baldwin's yawl from Newport Harbor, Calif., won Class A and fleet honors in the 65-mile Ship Rock ocean race from Newport Harbor, coming in ahead of Oon Haskell's *Chubasco* on corrected time.

BOXING—CARLOS ORTIZ climbed into the ring an 8-to-5 underdog against Lightweight Champion Joe Brown in Las Vegas and came out the new champion by unanimous decision. Ortiz, a 25-year-old Puerto Rican-born New Yorker who had waited two years for a chance at the title, scored with fast hooks and jabs to Brown's face throughout the 15 rounds and benefited from a lackluster performance by the loser. It was the 12th time Brown had defended the title since winning it in 1956.

HANDBALL—MINNESOTA won the National Intercollegiate Handball Association tournament in Cincinnati with Bill Yambrick successfully defending his singles title against Steve August of Michigan 21–5, 21–7, and the doubles team of Paul Schulz and Gary Rohrer defeating Terry Brenner and Don Brown of Michigan State 21–14, 21–10.

HOCKEY—TORONTO scored twice in the third period to beat Chicago 2–1 and win its first Stanley Cup championship in 11 years, four games to two (*see page 58*). Despite superb goaltending by Chicago's Glenn Hall, who had 35 saves, Toronto controlled the play throughout the game. Dick Duff scored the winning goal with less than six minutes remaining. The Toronto victory, its first away from home in the cup playoffs, was worth $2,000 to each Maple Leaf player.

HORSE RACING—ADMIRAL'S VOYAGE ($15.30) and Sunrise County ran the one and one-eighth miles of the $91,850 Wood Memorial for 3-year-olds at Aqueduct in exactly the same time, 1:49 4/5, to finish in a dead heat. But Braulio Baeza, who had ridden Fred Hooper's Admiral's Voyage, lodged a successful foul claim against Jockey Willie Shoemaker and favored Sunrise County, who crowded Baeza's mount in the first turn and the stretch. Donut King, with Manuel Ycaza up, was third (*see page 18*).

DOC JOCOY ($7.80), ridden by Willie Harmatz, took the California Derby at Tanforan, a mile-and-one-eighth test for 3-year-olds. Blue Serenade was second, and the favorite, Royal Attack, winner of the Santa Anita Derby, finished sixth.

MOUNTAIN DEW jumped and ran to a two-length victory in the Grand National Point to Point Steeplechase in Butler, Md., when leader Basic Caps stumbled at the next to the last fence, fading to third place behind Eastcor Mountain Dew, ridden by owner's son, Janon Fisher III, completed the three-mile timber course in 6:21.6.

CHAMBOURG, owned by Richard K. Mellon of Pittsburgh and ridden by Jimmy Murphy, won his third Mary Mellon trophy in four years at the Middleburg (Va.) Hunt races by one and a half lengths over Kandy Sugar, covering the two-mile course in 3:54.

LACROSSE—NAVY's unbeaten team defeated the University of Virginia 11–8 in Annapolis thanks to four goals on eight shots in the final quarter.

JOHNS HOPKINS, also undefeated, easily ran through Washington and Lee for a 15–4 triumph in Baltimore, with All-America Attackman Jerry Schmidt scoring six goals during the three quarters he played.

ROWING—MIT made a clean sweep of the Harlem River regatta, with the varsity heavies a half length ahead of Columbia at the finish of the two-mile course. Four other Tech crews won for MIT's second straight week of success. Yale pulled to a 10-foot victory over Rutgers, finishing in 9:59.4 over a two-mile course on the Housatonic while on the Connecticut River the 150-pound Eli crew took the Durand Cup for the third straight year by beating Dartmouth by two lengths. Princeton defeated Navy by three-quarters of a length over a mile-and-three-quarter course on the Severn.

SWIMMING—DONNA DE VARONA of Lafayette, Calif. and Robyn Johnson of Arlington, Va. each took a title a day in the three-day AAU women's indoor championships at Sacramento, Calif. where five new American records were set and two tied (*see page 60*). Miss de Varona churned through the 200-yard individual medley in 2:18.9 for a new American mark, won the 200-yard backstroke in 2:17.9 and the 100-yard in 1:04. Robyn Johnson set two American freestyle records, 5:27.2 for the 500-yard and 2:34.6 for the 250-yard, and won the 100-yard freestyle in a record-tying 55.5. Sharon Unneran of Los Angeles broke the 400-yard individual medley mark with a time of 4:52.9 and tied the 200-yard butterfly with 2:16.8. Mary Stewart of Vancouver, B.C., set the fifth American record with 59.2 in the 100-yard butterfly. Other winners were Robb Whipple of Santa Clara, Calif. in the 100-yard breaststroke (1:13.3), Andrea Hopkins of Bethel Park, Pa. in the 250-yard breaststroke (3:15.2), Patsy Willard of Phoenix, Ariz. in the one-meter diving with 357.5 points, and Joel Lenzi O'Connell of Santa Clara, Calif. in the three-meter diving, with 416.1. The top team was the Santa Clara Swim Club, with 46 points to Cleveland's 38.

TRACK & FIELD—TEXAS SOUTHERN continued to dominate spring competition by sweeping all college relay events in the Kansas Relays in Lawrence—the sprint medley, distance medley, the 440, 880, mile and two mile relays. The mile time of 3:11 was a meet record. Freshman middle-distance runner Ray Saddler, who ran in the mile, two-mile and sprint medley, was selected most valuable athlete, beating out Australian-born Pat Clohessy of Houston, who won the three-mile in 14:14.8 and a special mile event in 4:10.5. Other meet records: Bill Miller of McMurry College, whose 25-foot 6-inch broad jump was the best of the college season to date; Fred Hansen of Rice, who topped John Uelses in the pole vault by clearing 15 feet 6¼ inches; Denis Moore, an Australian from Abilene Christian, who won the 10,000 meters in 30:46.5, and Phil Mulkey of Birmingham, who took his sixth decathlon title with 7,480 points.

OREGON ended Southern California's string of 104 dual meets without a loss by winning 75–56 in Los Angeles (*see page 8*). Dyrol Burleson won the 880 in 1:49.5 and almost trotted the mile to win in 4:14.2. Harry Jerome won the 100-yard dash in 9.6, and the 220 in 20.8, and Jerry Tarr took the 120-yard high hurdles in 13.9 and 220-yard low hurdles in 23 seconds.

VILLANOVA, slowed by injuries, managed to lump away as high scorer in the Queens-Iona Relays in New York, totaling 50 points in the 40-college field. Manhattan was second with 29½. Frank Budd carried Villanova's relay teams in the 440 and 880. New York University's Gary Gubner gave his usual winning performance in the shotput with a toss of 62 feet 2 inches.

EINO OKSANEN, the 31-year-old Finnish detective, won his third and easiest Boston Marathon with only countryman Paavo Pystynen, 350 yards behind, as company out of a field of 181. Oksanen ran the 26-mile 385-yard course in 2:23.48. Marine Lieut. Alex Breckenridge was third in 2:27.17 and Johnny Kelley of Groton, Conn., only American to win in the last 10 years, was fourth.

BRUCE KIDD, 18-year-old Toronto runner, who had never competed at such a distance before, sped through a 15-mile road race at Hamilton, Ont., defeating defending champion Fred Norris, 40, of Lake Charles, La. and breaking Norris' record for the event by almost three minutes.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED. HERB ELLIOTT, 24-year old Australian runner who never lost a mile race, to concentrate on his studies at Cambridge. His retirement ends the chance for a showdown mile between Elliott and New Zealander Peter Snell at the British Commonwealth Games in Perth later this year. Elliott held the world mile record of 3:54.5 from August 1958 until last January, when Snell bettered it by 1 of a second.

DIED. G. W. BLUNT WHITE, 66, of Mystic, Conn., past commodore of the Cruising Club of America, a member of the board of trustees of the New York Yacht Club and executive vice-president of the Mystic Seaport Marine Museum, in Nassau following a 2,500-mile cruise from Portugal to the West Indies.

DIED. JAMES P. CLARK, 63, Philadelphia millionaire trucker and Democratic Party leader, board chairman of the football Eagles and organizer of a corporation licensed to build and operate a new harness racing track in suburban Philadelphia, at his home.

DIED. WILLIAM T. WAGGONER, 57, of Phoenix, Ariz., wealthy cattle and oil man whose Gold Cup hydroplanes, *Maverick* and *Shanty*, won all major championships, including the U.S., World and Harnisworth Trophy, in Phoenix.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

12, 13—[illegible] & Eric Keating; Visual Arts photo[illegible] Studio. 14, 15—Art Shay. 18, 19—[illegible] 20—Art Rickerby-Pix. 23—John C[illegible] 24, 25—Hy Peskin. 54-57—Fred Lyon [illegible] Carl e Guillemette. 60, 61—Phil Brith. 73—Mac [illegible] Ted Reed, A.P. (2). 74—Loughead, A.P.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DALE LEWIS, whose tennis teams have not lost since he came to the University of Miami as coach five years ago, saw his players extend the school dual-meet winning streak to 100 by beating Rollins 8–1. Lewis also coached Miami's first soccer team to an unbeaten season.

GEORGE PAJER IV, Bowling Green (Ohio) sophomore, became the college all-events bowling champion with a three-game score of 560 in team competition (he said he was nervous), 633 in the singles and 629 in the doubles at the intercollegiate finals in Des Moines.

PAULETTE SINGELARIS, captain of the Paterson (N.J.) State College women's fencing team, led her three teammates to the Women's Intercollegiate Fencing Association championship by sweeping 35 bouts in the nine-college meet in Teaneck, N.J.

ROGER PENSKE, 25, of Gladwyne, Pa., a sales engineer competing in only his fifth racing season, was awarded SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S U.S. Sports Car Driver of the Year trophy for his overall excellence in major American road races during 1961.

CLIFFORD ANN CREED, 23, 103-pound schoolteacher from Alexandria, La. and daughter of a golf pro, played par golf in the finals to win the women's North and South Amateur title in Pinehurst, N.C., defeating Helen Sigel Wilson of Gladwyne, Pa. 6 and 4.

DON ELLIS of Houston opened the American Bowling Congress Masters tournament by winning the qualifier with a record two-day total of 1,849, first time in 12 years of Masters competition a pro put two 900-plus totals together on consecutive days. He finished fourth.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

CONSISTENT PITCHERS were Dean Stone of Houston and Dick Donovan of Cleveland. Each turned in second shutout win

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was 2:30 a.m. when Bo Belinsky of **Los Angeles** called his father in Trenton, N.J. to tell him he had defeated the Athletics 3–2. "How come you were awake?" Belinsky asked. "Oh, you figured I'd call. Crazy. Send me those yokel clippings from back home; I want to laugh. What did they say on the radio? Are you serious? Ah, I'm no Whitey Ford yet. Hey, go over to Jake's and have one on me." A day later Belinsky went to a car dealer and bought a Thunderbird. The other Angels did not fare as well, but they were still tied for third with **Baltimore**. Superb pitching by Steve Barber, Milt Pappas and Hoyt Wilhelm buoyed the Orioles. Barber beat the Red Sox 5–1, then hustled back to Fort Bragg, N.C. Pappas told a reporter the only way to beat the Yankees was to pitch a shutout and hit a homer. So he did—hit a home run and, with aid from Wilhelm, shut out the Yankees. **New York** then took over first place with successive 3–1 wins over the Orioles and Indians. Roger Maris batted .692 in the autograph league (that's how many books he inscribed during a department store sales campaign), but overall he had a .167 BA. At exactly the same time last season he was hitting .167 and then went on to prove that his bat was mightier than his pen. Last year at this time Dick Radatz of **Boston** was in the minors. Last week Radatz, who is 6 feet 5, helped save wins for 6-foot-6 Don Schwall and 6-foot-8 Gene Conley. Coach Rudy York mistakenly pasted the lineup card upside down on the dugout wall before a game with the Orioles. Boston won; so York continued the ritual. "Why not?" shrugged York. Manager Mickey Vernon must have felt as though someone had hung his **Washington** hitters upside down. They batted a scant .203, lost four straight and dropped from second place to 10th. **Cleveland** has had only one home run all season, that by Gene Green in a loss to the Yankees. One player who was not having trouble hitting homers was **Minnesota**'s Rich Rollins, who had hit only four in the minors in 1961. Rollins so successfully learned the art of pulling the ball this spring that he had hit four out of the park and was leading the AL with a .486 BA. Jim Landis hit four homers and his teammates another three as **Chicago** won four in a row. Then the pitchers gave up 16 runs in the next two games, the hitters got just one home run and the White Sox lost twice to **Kansas City**. Jerry Lumpe batted .407 and Norm Siebern began getting extra base hits. That was just enough to keep the Athletics in front of eighth-place **Detroit**, which had the worst fielding average in the league.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Don Davidson, **Milwaukee** public relations man, could hardly wait to use the Braves' new scoreboard. Finally, he had a chance to order his first fan-a-gram. EDDIE MATHEWS NOW HAS 372 CAREER HOME RUNS. He had difficulty, though, explaining to the scoreboard operator how to spell "has" and that it was Eddie and not Neddie Mathews. Two innings later the message appeared. The next fan-a-gram did not take as long, but it read, BUHL HAS HIT SAFELY IN EIGHT STRAIGHT GAMES YOU. Then a reporter said, "Don, there's something wrong. They've got San Francisco with 25 hits." Milwaukee players made errors, too, five to be exact, and the Braves could not get out of eighth place. **Chicago** did even worse, but after seven losses finally won. Eight of the Cubs' nine defeats have been to left-handers. This prompted the club to hire southpaw Chuck Lindquist, who until then had been exercising his arm as a left-handed carpenter, as a batting practice pitcher. **St. Louis** treated almost every pitcher as though he were a Chuck Lindquist and ran its unbeaten streak to seven. Five players were injured, but one of them—Curt Flood—hit better than ever. Flood went 6 for 8, and his .526 BA was the best in the majors. In four games the Cardinals batted .367 and averaged 11 runs. Even blowing a six-run lead in the first inning did not deter them. Ernie Broglio came in from the bullpen, held the Phillies to four hits in the final 8⅓ innings and was the winner. **San Francisco** also got good relief work from Don Larsen. He retired three Reds in a row to continue his excellent relief and gain his second win. Felipe Alou, the Bible-carrying outfielder, hit .480 and drove in 10 runs. One Dodger fan sent a poetic telegram: ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE, WE'LL GIVE OUR TEAM FOR FELIPE ALOU. Still, the Giants could only split six games. **Los Angeles** had the same record, looking alternately good (4–1 win over the Braves) and horrendous (19–8 and 14–0 losses to the Giants and Reds). **Pittsburgh** looked bad just once, and then it didn't matter. It all happened when Harvey Haddix fielded a double-play ball in a game against the Mets. Haddix threw late to Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski, whose relay caromed off the first base stands. After a long run, Dick Stuart got the ball, then threw it all the way to the third base boxes. Haddix retrieved the ball and made a wild throw past the catcher. Don Hoak, backing up the play, slipped and wound up sitting in the mud behind home plate. Two runs scored, but the game was called because of snow and rain. With this type of good fortune, plus at least one homer in every game last week, the Pirates had a 9–0 record after two weeks. **Houston** had neither luck nor hitting. Although the Colt .45s outscored their opponents 31–16, they lost four of their first nine games. Still, it kept them ahead of sixth-place **Philadelphia**, which did not have a home run all week, and seventh-place **Cincinnati**, which won three and then lost its last two. Even worse was **New York**, still winless after eight tries. Nothing went right for the Mets, who kept on losing despite three homers by Frank Thomas. Manager Casey Stengel was chastised for participating in uniform in beer advertisements. These woes accentuated a remark Stengel made while yet in Florida. "What difference does it make if the monuments they built for you when you are a king lean a little bit after you've gone?" END

TEAM LEADERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

		BA		Hits		RBI
NY	Boyer	478	Boyer	11	Blanchard	8
Chi	Robinson	432	Robinson	16	Robinson	15
Balt	Temple	370	Temple	10	2 with	5
LA	Moran	310	Wagner	12	Rodgers	8
Bos	Pagliaroni	3/5	Brossoud	10	2 with	5
Clev	Essegian	471	Essegian	8	Kirkland	4
KC	Jiminez	438	Lumpe	18	2 with	9
Det	Kaline	360	Kaline	9	Kaline	8
Minn	Rollins	486	Rollins	18	Rollins	13
Wash	Cottier	381	Long	9	Long	4

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Groat	378	Groat	14	Clemente	10
StL	Flood	526	White	14	White	12
SF	F. Alou	455	F. Alou	20	F. Alou	15
LA	W. Davis	391	2 with	13	T. Davis	13
Hous	Larker	381	Mejias	14	Mejias	6
Phil	Dalrymple	333	2 with	8	Dalrymple	6
Cin	Pinson	356	Pinson	16	Pinson	16
Mil	Jones	297	2 with	11	Mathews	11
Chi	Banks	359	2 with	14	Banks	6
NY	Neal	318	Thomas	9	Thomas	6

Boxed statistics through Saturday, April 21

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VIVE LES GIRLS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your much improved covers: Francine Bréaud (Dec. 25), Joan Hannah (Feb. 5) and now Donna de Varona (April 16). Please keep it up.

BILL FITZPATRICK

Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thanks for telling us Donna is a "girl swimmer." We would never have known.

MURRAY NAIDICH

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Enjoyed immensely your article on Donna de Varona (*Still on Top at 14*). In my work in swimming instruction I have seen promising young swimmers give up on further instruction as soon as they become accustomed to swimming, so that they may just have fun. I found it a pleasure to read of a swimmer who has used her talent and available instruction to the utmost.

CHARLES D. ULMER

Mont Alto, Pa.

TIGER'S SHOT

Sirs:

I was very pleased to read Gilbert Rogin's brief advancement of the claim by Dick Tiger to a shot at the muddled middleweight championship (*The Count: One, Two, Three and Out*, April 16). If anybody deserves a chance, it is Tiger. Without exaggeration I think he could have disposed of both Downes and Pender in one evening.

Dick is a refreshing performer in this lean, uninspiring and difficult period that boxing is going through. It is a pleasure to watch a man who has learned his trade well and boxes for the full three minutes of each round, without the continued clinching, holding and other illegal tactics that one has to witness far too often.

PATRICK A. NUTT

Kennett Square, Pa.

FATE'S QUIRKS

Sirs:

Your writer would like us to shed tears over the miserable fate of Art Quirk (*Springtime Trials of a Rookie*, April 16). A salary of a mere $7,500 a year (for some seven months' work), a $15,000 bonus, and a family of only three.

Really, your misguided sense of values is appalling.

Many very capable, veteran university faculty members with larger families survive on a lower salary. How about doing a long feature article on their endurance and stamina?

IGOR V. SARKISSIAN

Morgantown, W. Va.

UP NEW ZEALAND

Sirs:

It is quite sad that the only coverage that you gave to the recent four-week tour of the New Zealand Universities All-Star Rugby team in California and British Columbia was the reporting of a social incident [a postgame party involving beer and an insulted butler, SCORECARD, April 2], rather than informing your public how their visit had given West Coast Rugby a tremendous boost in all aspects of the game. The caliber of their play, their skill, their sportsmanship, their behavior (on and off the field) while in California was exemplary.

People in the Bay area, who got to know

continued

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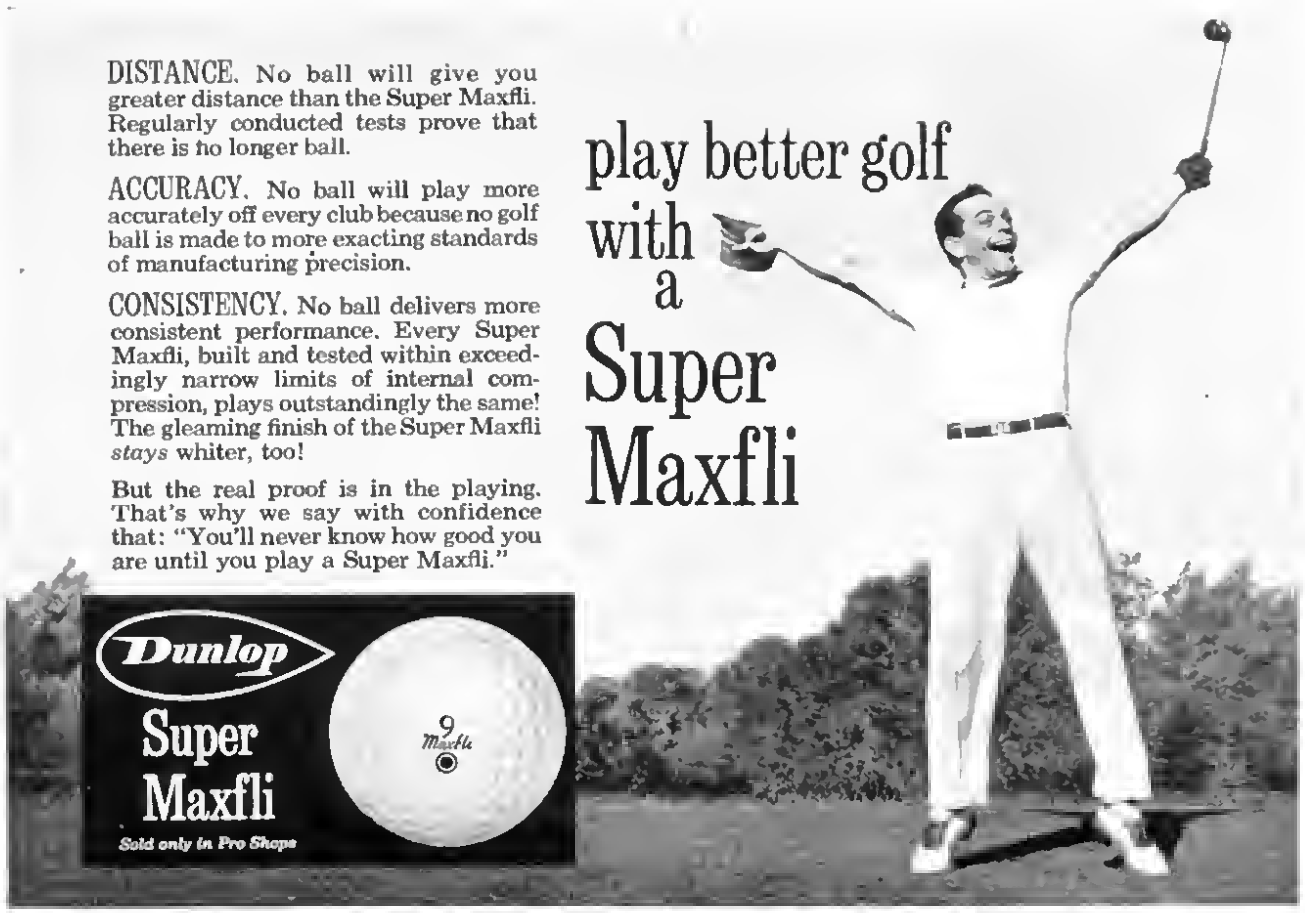

them collectively or individually, find it very hard indeed to believe that all the blame for the breakage and bad manners can be laid at their door

I played host to the New Zealand and California Rugby teams and their respective dates in my home in North Berkeley before they went to Vancouver. I am glad to report the breakage of one solitary glass—dropped by one of the coeds dating said touring Rugby players

JOHN S HARRISON

Berkeley, Calif

SIRS:

As a New Zealander residing temporarily in the U S I was very interested in your April 2 report of a party in Vancouver attended by the N Z Universities Rugby team. Having played Rugby myself, I was naturally mystified that a mirror was the target for the substandard hamburgers, when a properly good, brooding butler was available Moreover, it has always been a Rugby custom in New Zealand to throw the butler into the swimming pool along with the beer glasses.

R. G. MENZIES

Acton, Mass.

● The British Columbia Rugby Union, moving in amidst the broken glass, has now established by investigation that no particular blame should attach to New Zealand Rugby players; that "without question the New Zealand Universities team was one of the finest, best-behaved and most well-managed teams we have ever met."—Ed.

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